The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

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The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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—*From an Editorial in the Leader.*

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Μιγμα

Men must be honest in business, they must keep their word. The stock exchange could not run a day on any other basis. It is said that men are honest in these relations just because it pays. Of course it pays. What else could happen? This is a world in which two and two make four and do not make five. This is a world in which honesty works and dishonesty does not work. What is the use of sneering at honesty because it pays? If it did not we would be living in an insane asylum. (*Unity.*)

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I will lift up mine eyes to the hills. People used often to say and feel something like that. Now there are just two kinds of hills to an average young American —those you can make on high and those you can't. (*New Republic.*)

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An American carpenter, fascinated by the promises of self-development under Soviet Russia, joined a colony. This was what he was told on reaching the Russian settlement: "You will get a place to live, your food and clothing and necessities of life, and in return you will never have to look for another job. There isn't anything in the world like it." What this meant he discovered later: "It sounded well, but it was peonage just the same."

υ λ

Everywhere we condemn people to do less than their best . . . We hear of the right to work, and some day, perhaps, we shall hear of the right to do the right work. We do what we have to do, not what we could do. (*A. N. M., in Manchester Guardian.*)

If some one, by a stroke of good luck, should suddenly succeed in unearthing a positively genuine autobiography of William Shakespeare from the foundations of his house at Stratford-on-Avon he could sell it for millions of dollars. They paid $750,000 for the Kaiser's Memoirs—and didn't come out so well on it either. What wouldn't they pay for Shakespeare's? Shakespeare is dead, and the Kaiser isn't feeling so well. But how few people know that God is alive! (*Thomas L. Masson, in Christian Century.*)

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A mighty day of liberty won for Presbyterianism was last Thursday in the city of Indianapolis when the General Assembly defeated William J. Bryan as candidate for moderator. . . . The Presbyterian Church stands intellectually vindicated before the world. It will not follow an obscurantist leader in a time of light. (*Continent.*)

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, esus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed

Editorial

UTOPIA

THE doors of most minds slam shut when anybody cries, "Utopia!" The average man and woman are ostrich-minded and find an obnoxious ord as handy for head-burying as sand. There are illions of church members in the United States who y "Universalist!" when anybody proclaims Jesus' aching of the Brotherhood of Man, and find in that ffensive word pious justification for their own unrotherly lives.

Universalism is the great modern Utopia. The Republic" of Plato and the "Kingdom" of Jesus old a common dream of a time when all the children f men should live the brotherly life. This is the ream of those prophets and seers of every land and ge without which the people perish. "Remember," ays Anatole France, "that without the Utopians of ther times, men would still live in caves, miserable nd naked."

H. G. Wells' description of Plato's "Republic" ight well apply to Universalism. "It asserts the ompletest release of human thought from traditionalsm. It questions every institution. It is saturated ith the faith that man can make his life and future hat he will." Mr. Wells has discovered Plato; ome day he may discover Jesus. Meanwhile, others ke Simkovitch and Papini are rediscovering the esus of Matthew, Mark, and Luke. And men like rthur Nash, and Champe Andrews, and Harold Hatch, nd William Ingalls, and J. J. Eagan, are discovering hat "Utopia is the one country at which humanity s always landing."

Universalists are Utopians, set apart to tell mployers and employees, millionaires and paupers, ious folks and pagans, Frenchmen and Germans, ussians and Turks, Chinese and Japanese, of that ndiscovered country of Universal Brotherhood, and hen to show them how to find it and live in it. Our rogram for Providence, and long after Providence, is ust that.

Our Universalist fathers dwelt in the Land of Vas. In spite of the warnings of their neighbors of he desert dangers of spiritual death, they went forth seeking another and a better country, not their own." Orthodoxy is dead because it believed only in the past. Jniversalism will die unless it believes supremely in he future. Our future will depend far less on what ve do at Providence than on whether we come with backward-looking cowardice or ready for great adventurings of faith.

PUBLICITY AT PROVIDENCE

BECAUSE of the fact that Providence, as a convention city, is well equipped, and our Providence parishes well organized and well led, we dare say some pertinent things about publicity. The competent are seldom self-conscious and sensitive.

Tables of proper height, smooth surface, and steady on their legs should be provided for reporters, in front, below the speakers, or on one side. A way out must be left open. Talk about reporters "coming late" and "going early" is nonsense. They have half a dozen assignments for a night.

But more important than tables is publicity service. Weeks ahead manuscripts and photographs must be collected, abstracts made—not by the iceman or the janitor, but by a competent person—and this material must be supplied to the papers. Sensitive, high-minded, modest men and women often hate to be used as press material, but it is a part of the contribution they can make to a good cause, and they ought to do it promptly and cheerfully.

During the progress of the Convention, some one who knows news with a messenger at hand should be seated at the press table preparing copy for both afternoon and morning papers and sending it sheet by sheet to a typist in the lobby or adjoining room to put in proper form. "The story" from a press standpoint might show itself in the first hour of the morning or in the last ten minutes of the session at night. If "the story" is available it will be used. If it is not, the papers will carry perfunctory accounts or feature some weird detail. The papers want the matter of general human interest and not mere sectarian detail. And in all of our work these are the things which usually count the most.

But no reporting of the Providence Convention can be done adequately by the *Leader* staff or any local committee. Among the delegates will be many people who can write compelling stories and who have access to the columns of their home papers. They all ought to be considered a part of the "press bureau." Under God, they have a high duty to perform for the propagation of the great truth of God's impartial and unchanging love of all His children. They ought to be willing to write accounts of the Convention promptly for the home papers. Not that they can succeed in getting detailed accounts of theological business matters published, but the adventure of the journey, the spirit of the assembly, or a human interest inci-

dent—all will be welcome in most papers and all will help tell the story to the country that we as a people are in existence and that the Providence Convention has been held.

* *

"THE ETERNAL CONFLICT"

THE editor of *Onward*, our splendid young people's paper that our older folks ought to read, has a suggestive editorial pointing out the inevitable struggle between generations asking for mutual forbearance and understanding, and closing with this paragraph that we all ought to read and take to ourselves in so far as it be true for us:

> Most cowardly of all the traits of age is its willingness to dodge the issue. If youth attacks, age shifts the discussion from the question at issue to the matter of courtesy or the general incorrigibility of the present generation. This is a regrettable action from any point of view, for it does not help age, nor does it show youth its errors. If age were less fond of avoiding the charges youth brings against it, youth would be less free with its unquestionably unfair charges of *senile dementia*.
>
> *Granville Hicks.*

* *

WITHOUT BITTERNESS

AMONG all the tributes paid to Mr. Bonar Law none have been more surprising than those of the French journals. "Moderate and straightforward," says one; "honest and straightforward," says another; "held in high esteem by the very men whose politics and policy he felt in duty bound to oppose."

And the series of tributes in French papers was crowned by the *Temps*, which used the word affection to describe the feeling for him in France. "When eight months ago he became Prime Minister, he had no known enemies," says the *Temps*, "when yesterday he resigned he was surrounded by none but friends."

There is reason for this popularity in the fundamental things of character. He was always the safe, conservative, kindly, moderate type of man who makes and keeps friends. He never had to break with political or religious associates over questions of belief; but on the other hand he never allowed them to lead him into paths where his convictions would not permit him to go.

Back of all questions of principle, however, there was one simple matter of method, policy or mental attitude which explains his power and which is just as possible for the Socialist or Labor or Liberal Leader as for the Conservative Prime Minister. It is suggested by the *Petit Journal* of Paris when it says: "Never a bitter word from him, never the least gesture of annoyance, never the least sign of spite. During his few months occupancy of the Premiership the sad-eyed Scotsman showed himself to be the perfect gentleman he has, indeed, ever been." Even after the differences of France and England over the Ruhr, he opposed France but remained the friend of France.

"Without bitterness"—what mighty power lies in the words.

In churches, in journalism, in political parties, in families, how hard it is to be intensely convinced and not lapse into harshness and recrimination and misjudgment of motives. We seem to think it a limitation upon our frankness, our honesty, or our courage to be fair and kind.

The more intense our conviction the more rabid is apt to be our utterance.

Bonar Law, retiring from the position of greatest power and influence in England, followed by the esteem and regret of practically the whole civilized world, shows us the folly of bitterness and the power of what St. James called "the surpassing grace of kindness."

* *

THE MODERN SAMSON

EVIDENCES multiply that the French militarists are likely to pull down destruction on their own country as well as the rest of Europe. Their necessities have driven them steadily forward. From the practical confiscation of coal in the Ruhr, through the seizure of public and then private funds, they have now gone, according to latest dispatches, to the point of imposing enormous fines on individuals who refuse to do their bidding, and then looting the homes of these individuals and calling that payment. Meanwhile the financial showing of their nation grows steadily worse.

Dr. H. G. Moulton in the March issue of the *Economic Review* points out that by 1925 France's budget, with growing deficits, will amount to about 34,000,000,000 francs, while she has not yet succeeded in getting a tax revenue of 20,000,000,000 francs, though her per capita tax burden is double that of the United States. Under these conditions the billions spent on her enormous military establishment point straight toward national suicide. But unless something unforeseen happens, that death struggle, when it comes, will involve the rest of Europe.

* *

THE NEWEST NULLIFICATION

GOVERNOR SMITH of New York has said in effect that the state of New York does not propose to obey the Constitution of the United States if it can help it. All the rest of his words and acts are camouflage. The result will be disastrous—to Governor Smith.

Contrast with his denunciation of "the fanatical drys" the words of Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania, spoken in the National Cemetery at Gettysburg on Memorial Day.

"In your day slavery was the enemy that attacked the constitution and the integrity of the nation," said the Governor, addressing himself to the veterans of sixty years ago. "In our day another evil has undertaken to declare its independence of the will of the majority, and to impose its shackles on the people of the United States. You in your time conquered those who attempted to impose the black disgrace of human bondage upon the free states. It is our task to overcome those who would impose the black disgrace of nullification on the people of the Union which you preserved."

* *

There seem to be as many worlds as there are people looking at them.

Cruising Around a Changing World

XIX A Unanimous Verdict for Hong Kong

John van Schaick, Jr.

ON the fifteenth of March, 1923, my journal said: "Darkness slowly coming down over the East China Sea, the cold and the rough weather of two days ago gone, a lighthouse flashing up far ahead, islands off on our starboard bow, the big ship hurrying for the port of Hong Kong. Over to the westward just beyond the sky line is China. It hardly seems possible that we are off the coast of that mystery which looms so big in the councils of nations and means so much for the weal or woe of mankind."

On the sixteenth of March the faithful journal caught this note: "To-night there is spread out before us one of the most beautiful night views I have ever had. We are in the harbor of Hong Kong, tied up on the Kowloon side, and we can sit comfortably in steamer chairs or walk around the deck and get the view of Hong Kong, all lighted up, stretched along her waterfront and up the side of her mountain ridge. It is a vision of loveliness. Even a master of words, which I am not, must feel humble as he tries to tell his friends what it looks like.

"There are lights—up high, down low and all along between—thousands of them, decorating a mountain ridge, and reflected in the waters of the harbor. Off to the right the lights disappear around a curve of the island. Off to the left, they extend in a broad band for three or four miles, and then along the waterfront for miles further.

"In the center low down are the blazing fronts and tops of huge department stores. There has been nothing of night illumination approaching it since we left New York, and even the towering buildings of Manhattan, all lighted up, have to take second place for night beauty to the lights of Hong Kong.

"To all this which comes to us through the eye we must add what comes through the ear—the night cries, the weird voices of boatmen in the dark, the sounds from junk or sampan slipping by, the chug-chug of motors, the softened sounds of the city, the nearby voices on our own dock."

Now, three days later, we have just left it all. At eight o'clock we backed out and went through the slow process of turning in mid stream, and then started out of the harbor. About 8.30 p. m. we stopped and then learned that the last party to visit Canton that day had left two people behind. These belated passengers had taken the next train, got in about 8.20, and were met by a Clark man with a fast tug, which rushed them out to the waiting steamer. The delay gave us just a little longer view of a scene we were reluctant to leave, for this "outfit" gives a unanimous verdict in favor of Hong Kong.

Back in the good old days when Louis Brownlow, Oliver Newman and Col. C. W. Kutz were commissioners of the District of Columbia, we had a lunch club which talked over the affairs of the universe. I have often thought of the day that we discussed the great cities of the world and Brownlow said that he would put the cities in which he would like to live in this order: Washington, London and Hong Kong. I have forgotten the fourth, but I have always wondered why he said Hong Kong. Now I know. I will put it on my list also. But I must add, "It is magnificent but it is not Chinese." It is British. There is the Chinese foundation. There is picturesque Chinese life everywhere. The Chinese make up over 300,000 of the 320,000 people. But the government is British. British capital is back of the commerce. British engineering skill has laid out the wonderful roads. Still, Chinese labor of both men and women has executed the task. One of the interesting things was to see hardy women breaking stone on the roads.

Our section of the party had Thursday afternoon and evening in Hong Kong, Friday and Saturday on a river boat to Canton and in Canton, and Sunday again in Hong Kong. To that must be added for everybody the coming in and the going out of the harbor. We are getting more remarkable views and experiences with picturesque harbors on this one trip than most men accumulate in their whole lives.

Hong Kong of course is not a city but an irregular shaped island of twenty-nine and one-half square miles. The city is, strictly speaking, "Victoria," but no one says Victoria. It is always Hong Kong, the reverse of the situation in the capital of our country, where practically no one says "District of Columbia" but every one says "Washington."

Hong Kong was ceded to Great Britain in 1841; Kowloon Peninsula with about five square miles was added in 1881, and over three hundred square miles additional back of Kowloon was leased in 1898.

All of us on this party, with slight additions and omissions as the case may be, were taken ashore to eat at the Hong Kong hotel, given a chance to go to the banks and shops, transported in motors over the twenty-two mile road around the island, stopping for tea at Recluse Bay, and carried to the Peak, 1,825 feet above the town, going one way by motor and the other by funicular railway. One man went to church I hear, "and stayed half way through." His case was exceptional.

The scenery on the island of Hong Kong is wild and rugged. One friend called Recluse Bay "Villefranche." Another named a point farther on "Sorrento." A third said that the whole thing made her think of a combination of Gibraltar, the Riviera and the high part of the coast of Italy.

When you get British brains and executive control, British law and order, the English language understood almost everywhere, with ideal Chinese service and servants, picturesque Chinese life all about on the water, on the streets, in the shops and amusement places—it is easy to see why tourists like it. They were well taken care of, well fed, quickly transported, and had no end of interesting things to see and do.

There are three levels of the city proper: The first

is the praya or esplanade, from fifty to two hundred feet wide along the water, given to shipping. A second stratum is a few minutes climb up the side hill, where there are the government house, public buildings, villas and gardens both public and private. Solidly built roads bordered by bamboos and other tropical plants take one along this level and curve up and down. The third level is the "Peak." Here on many "peaks" and along the higher levels of the mountains are the summer villas where the well-to-do people go to escape the heat of summer. From many of these one can look out to sea in various directions, off at other rugged islands, down into charming little bays and almost straight down upon the city itself. The Chinese sections of the city are at either end of the esplanade, totally different of course from the other parts of the city, full of color and full of Chinese of all ages and conditions, closely packed together.

After Canton particularly one felt very safe in Hong Kong, with British and American war ships in the harbor, with tall picturesque Indian traffic officers at every street corner, with friendly British Tommies strolling about everywhere ready to give a bit of information or to talk about home.

I can not give tonnage figures, but the commerce is said to be second only to that of London and more than that of New York. With a new railroad eighty miles to Canton, with railway connections from there to Singapore, Calcutta, Mandalay, and Bankok by way of Yunnan, with the Pearl River navigable to Canton and 300 miles beyond, there are no limits to the commercial future of Hong Kong. And here is a banking corporation, the "Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation," which is financing mines, railroads and industries all over China, and whose bank notes are all the money you need either in Hong Kong or in the interior. As John Stuart Thompson says in his book "The Chinese," "The name most prominent with the Chinese in the history of this bank is Sir Thomas Jackson, a tall Irishman whose motto writ large was: 'Never break your word with a Chinese for he will never break his with you.' "

In the streets of Hong Kong there are from twenty to thirty thousand laborers who have nowhere to sleep, but who curl up in corners or wrap themselves in mats and lie on the pavement. "All they want," said a British police officer, "is thirty cents a day to get their chow, a glass of cheap spirits stronger than whiskey and their pipe of opium, or opium refuse which these men smoke."

Along the water front of Hong Kong fifty thousand Chinese live in their boats. At Canton two hundred thousand live in the same way. They are born, grow up, marry, raise children and die on the boats. It is an adventure to work through the sampan fleet to the shore even on a river steamer. As one looked at the lines of boats, packed in on each side of the river like barges in a canal basin at home, one could understand the terrible destruction of property and loss of life from a typhoon or tidal wave.

We saw in the ferry houses bulletin boards for typhoon warnings. Word is quickly passed. The boat city flees before the approaching storm. Quoting Thompson again: "Sails are hoisted, sculls and oars put to work, and a dozen times a year a vast armada sweeps like the scuds of clouds along the harbor to another place of safety beneath a great mountain peak."

In the great typhoon of 1906, ten thousand people lost their lives at Hong Kong. In the famous typhoon of 1874, fifty thousand were drowned at Macao, Hong Kong, Canton, and up the Canton and West Rivers.

Apparently nobody gives up living on boats because of typhoons, although they do accept gratefully the two or three hours warning which modern science generally makes possible.

The flower boats are where the girls live who sell themselves. As everywhere else in the world, the trade is adorned with flowers and perfumes for the wealthy and revealed in more of its sordidness and ugliness where Chinese sailors and coolies go. "He runs after leprosy who seeks a public woman" is an old Chinese proverb. One of my friends, a physician, who dined where the Sing Song girls were in attendance, said that the only feeling which came to him was of deep pity "for the poor beautiful little things" who study so long and hard to learn to sing and play just to adorn such feasts.

Hong Kong is beautiful at night, but it is just as beautiful by day. Then one sees the mountains, towering above the harbor, all the harbor life, all the variety of human nature and all the color in the streets.

To my friend, the Hon. Thomas C. Munger of Nebraska, Judge of the United States Circuit Court, with whom I "did" Canton, I am indebted for this bit of description of the "color" of Hong Kong as Thompson saw it: "Native youths in long gowns of blue, buff and purple, Chinese women in tunics and trousers of yellow, red, black and gold, Hindu women in the flimsiest pink silk from the bazars of Calcutta and the downiest shawls from Cabul, make a joyous scene on the wide praya and hillside roads of the oddest tilted-up colony in the world. Occasionally a Eurasian, stouter than either European or Chinese, with hair hanging loose, passes, to the unheeded shame of the foreigner."

An even better description of the Chinese in the streets of Hong Kong as we saw them I quote from "The Journal of My Wife:" "A crowd of human beings in straight long garments, over trousers, the women in shorter coats and black satin trousers, black hair slicked back tight, knotted low, with earrings, mostly jade. I saw only a few older women with bound feet. The coolies were mostly barefoot—hundreds of them carrying people in sedan chairs, a few rickishas, but not as many as in Japan."

Among the governors of Hong Kong in years past was Sir John Bowring, the celebrated linguist, economist and writer. In Hong Kong he wrote two famous Christian hymns: "In the Cross of Christ I Glory" and "Watchman Tell Us of the Night."

A few miles away, over the water at the old Portuguese settlement of Macao, Camoens, the Homer of Portugal, wrote his epic, "The Lusiad." There is a beautiful memorial to him erected in the hills near by.

Christ Episcopal Cathedral and the Catholic Cathedral, 1,200 feet above the water, seem to dominate the town. Over the entrance to the nave of the Catholic Cathedral there is a beautiful stone canopy

All of this stone carving, we were told, was done by Christian Chinese.

I have not gone into the subject of how England got Hong Kong, or the question as to whether she ought to have given it back to China when the Japanese gave back Shantung. Those things are no longer issues. She is in Hong Kong and her presence there has been full of blessing for China and for the world.

Out of seeming evil God still educeth good.

Sunday, March 18, 1923.

* * *

XX. THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF CANTON

The title which I have taken for this chapter of our story is not my own. It is the title of a book which has not been written, but which George E. Lerrigo, secretary for South China of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A., would like to write. It is unfortunate that the men who are most fitted to tell a story so often do not have the time to do it.

That is the case with Lerrigo. He was for many years a Y. M. C. A. secretary in Tokepa, Kansas, but for thirteen years has been in China, adviser of the Canton Y. M. C. A. which is run largely by the Chinese themselves, and a kind of general Y. M. C. A. missionary for a vast area.

He is full of this book. It pops out with every man he meets. What we have been seeing for a few hours he has been seeing and grappling with for years. Instead of being the amazed or nauseated or heartsick person that half of our company is to-day, he is the most hopeful man for Canton and for China that you can imagine. Let me tell you what we have done and perhaps explain a little why some of our folks could neither eat, nor sleep, nor shop in Canton nor plan any intelligent thing except how best to get away at once.

First of all we must remember that these islands, of which Hong Kong is one, were once called the Ladrones or robbers' islands, and the evil name sticks to many of them still. Just as China to-day is the abode of bandits of all degrees of military respectability, the coast is the haunt of pirates.

Several things made us talk pirates on our river trip. The Hong Kong morning paper was full of the story of the sacking of the "Wing Ping," a small cargo steamer running between Hong Kong and Canton. Near Whampoa, a place we passed on the river, at 8.30 Tuesday morning, her propellor fouled a cable laid between two boats full of pirates. Trying vainly to extricate herself, the steamer broke her shaft. The pirates then fired two volleys into her to warn the crew that resistance was useless, and wounded several men. From 8.30 a. m. until 5 p. m. the pirates calmly unloaded the vessel, took 2000 bags of rice, several hundred dollars cash, everything of value owned by the crew, in all a loot of the value of $20,000. No help came to the unfortunate steamboat either from the shore or from passing craft.

With their minds on this story of the pirates our passengers noticed that the river boat they were on was guarded by a strong force of the native Indian police, tall bearded men in picturesque turbans and armed with rifles. Chinese passengers were separated from European by strong iron bars, and a similar barricade separated part of the guard forward from us. The iron door of the pilot house in addition had small openings for rifle barrels which could command the deck. Soon the captain was telling how one of these river boats between Macao and Canton, a few months ago, was rushed by pirates who came on disguised as passengers, killed two of the Indian guard, wounded several passengers and robbed everybody.

Later we found that armed guards had gone on the trains by which some of our party traveled to Canton and that a short time ago a thousand bandits tried to capture one of these trains, but were foiled by news of their presence leaking out.

On the boat the Clark man made little speeches telling the passengers not to leave the main party in Canton, above all not to go into the little side streets and not to go out after dark.

When we arrived we found "confusion worse confounded." No wire communication between Hong Kong and Canton, not enough sedan chairs, as men were in the army or on strike, not enough motor cars, as the military authorities had seized half of those we needed that morning, and no rooms ready at the hotel. The hotel proprietor seemed to be commission merchant, shop keeper, police chief, head rickisha man, contractor for sedan chairs and various other kinds of a useful fellow. He was in the streets chasing up chairs, leaving nobody around his hotel office, and few servants for a time except a chief brute (Chinese) who cruelly kicked another lower servant who asked him a question. Table cloths were dirty, food was poor, and beds were hard, but I would not have traded the experience for anything else the trip has offered. And the proprietor seemed like a good fellow hard pressed.

While the Y. W. C. A. girls laughed when they heard the directions we had received, and went blithely around by day and by night in all kinds of places and while much of the talk of danger was amusing, we were in Canton in a very uncertain period with rival armies occupying the city at the same time. There was fighting there a few weeks ago and will be fighting there a few weeks hence, unless Dr. Sun Yat Sen raises more money to pay these mercenaries who have poured in.

It was interesting to talk to the travelers who preceded us: Dr. Fox, of New Haven, was sitting in the lobby. "Sir Frederick Treves was right," he said. "It is a nightmare city. If this is human life, if this is the way human beings have to live, what is human life worth? I've had enough."

Dr. Harden, who has spent his life in Palestine, in reply to my question said: "Canton is worse than any part of Constantinople or the slums of any other city of Turkey with which I am familiar." But a young musician pushed through the crowd all radiant: "I wouldn't have missed it for anything. I'd like to come back. It is the most interesting thing I've done."

There were plenty of faithful Chinese servants about the hotel at bedtime, and a mosquito bar had been draped over the bed, and the bed was soft enough for my purposes, for I had a long deep sleep.

Those who were awake told of the Chinese gongs they heard now and then in the night, the firecrackers

at daylight and the songs of birds in the beautiful trees by the hotel.

We made a special plea that we be given a native guide who would not start directly for a shop. To get any service at all one has to go to the shops part of the time, as the guides have their commissions to make. We were lucky in getting an intelligent fellow, who took us through the old part of the city, the narrow streets, the Temple of the Doctor, the Temple of the Five Hundred Buddhas, with a bust of Marco Polo among them, the lovely little ancestral shrine of the Tsang family, through the city walls to one of the cities of the dead, then to the Flowery Pagoda, and back across broad avenues and through more narrow streets to the shops—a tour by sedan chair of nearly four hours.

The authorities say that the population is from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000, but that nobody knows. One of the resident bishops put it over three million. The streets are said to be upward of 600, "long, straight and very narrow." And this statement of Sir Robert K. Douglas in the Britannica surprised many of our people: "The streets are mostly paved and not as dirty as those of some of the other cities of the empire. In fact, considering the habits of the people and the inattention of the government to these matters, Canton may be said to be a well governed and a comparatively cleanly city." Thompson calls the streets "zigzag, made so for defense against pirates and also against devils, who can not turn a corner."

Opinions may differ as to how straight they are, but not as to how narrow or dark or crowded. No rickishas even can go through the old streets, nothing but sedan chairs, although motor cars roll up the new broad streets in new Canton.

Imagine yourself carried in a narrow sedan chair suspended from long bamboo poles and born on the shoulders of three coolies through a street so narrow that pedestrians can just squeeze by. Imagine that street bordered by shops without fronts—so open that the shop across the street seems only the next room, and the street itself teeming with porters, pedestrians, children, dogs, and other sedan chairs.

Imagine half of these shops factories as well as shops, and the product in evidence at every stage of production. One after another in bewildering succession, we passed places for fans, toothbrushes, screens, shoes, silks, electric fixtures, groceries, socks, jewelry, live birds, perfumery, fire wood, crockery, live chickens, fish, meats—in which pigs roasted whole took the place we always in imagination gave to dog—plants, furniture, iron work, bread stuffs, leather work, souvenirs, printing and books.

In the midst of all these were set tea rooms and restaurants of various grades, and we passed so close to restaurant tables and family parties that it seemed as if we were a part of it. As to flies, no swatting would ever have made any impression on the swarms which settled over everything. Occasionally we passed the stall of a scribe writing letters in the old way for those unable to write themselves.

Two husky porters bearing heavy live pigs in a basket turned in from a side street into the midst of our procession of sedan chairs. As they trotted along they chanted the most stirring of all the chants we heard—antiphonally I was going to say—one answering the other continually on a lower key and never losing time.

We could not read the street signs but they were there in all their glory: Heavenly Peace Street, New Green Pea Street, Medicine Street, Golden Flower Street, Plum Lane and Pearl Street. One of the city gates is Entrance of Bright Amiability. The business signs give the name of the proprietor, his birthplace and his motto. Thus one was: Fung Shan, born Sam Shui City. "This is the abode of generosity and light."

One of the shops to which all tourists are carried is where kingfishers' feathers are being mounted on silver. Here for 50 cents or $1 each, beautiful little ornaments may be purchased.

The stone most highly prized in China is the jade. It is believed to have medicinal value and it is a symbol of virtue. Professor Giles says that in China it is "the quintessence of heaven and earth." It is very tough, tenacious, fibrous stone, but the Chinese carve it beautifully. Tourists purchase thousands of dollars worth every year in China. Whenever our ship or party reached a place in any country prices were doubled for the time being. One of the finest collections of jade in America, Thompson tells us, is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

All the craftsmen of the various trades of Canton are organized into guilds, of which there are over two hundred. I met the head of the printers' guild, an exceedingly intelligent fellow. The ancient guilds have recently been subdivided. In Canton, more than anywhere else, there is a rapid development of labor organization. Recently they held a huge parade demanding woman suffrage. Just what is going to happen, nobody knows. Some think that trades unionism as we know it in America is getting a tremendous start. Others see signs pointing to socialism and even communism.

Rodney Gilbert in a recent Shanghai paper says that a third of the people of Canton participate in such demonstrations; the other two thirds "look on either with indifference or with an uncomfortable sense of something unpleasant impending."

With the cigarmakers, the carpenters, the butchers, the boatmen, the boat women are organized demanding their rights, those who handle the sweeps of the sampan with babies strapped to their backs.

Another significant statement is this: "A glimpse of the soldiers and police in the streets saluting the workmen's patrols makes us pause to think."

Disorganized conditions were brought home to us by a strike of telegraphers which stopped communication between Hong Kong and Canton and nearly put the Clark men out of business. The fine young assistant conductors, earning a world trip by helping, rallied and put over their job against great odds.

It is a changing world, and the South China Republic is the center of change in China, and Canton is the capital of that republic.

After we came back to the hotel, Judge Munger and I started off alone to find Lerrigo, the Y. M. C. A. man we were to have met an hour before. In a

dense crowd, he leaped from a rickisha and took charge of us. It was a lucky stroke for us.

In the first place, on the roof of a huge department store we had real Chinese food: Bamboo shoots and eggs cooked together and called *foo hung tam*, tender and good, almonds and chicken cooked together and called *hop to kiting*, equally good; meat pies made of no man knows what—best of all—and unlimited tea.

Then with our host we made a quick survey of some of the agencies attempting to steer the changing Chinese and leaven them with some of our ideals.

There was a Y. M. C. A. building in a central place on the congested water front which would be a credit to any American city—beautiful, modern and a memorial to Robert Morrison. It stands in startling contrast to the street which runs along its side yard, the narrowest and darkest in Canton, too narrow for a sedan chair and yet full of factories, homes and shops.

Over two thousand Chinese belong to the Y. M. C. A. in Canton. There are thirteen Chinese secretaries. Sherwood Eddy, recently there, drew crowds that packed the auditorium. Over the door in sight of all the world are the Chinese characters which mean: "Not to be ministered unto but to minister." Trades unionists and rich merchants alike need that.

Job Fong, a member of the Board of the Y. M. C. A., educated in the United States, sent his car and we took a quick turn out to New Canton, along broad boulevards, by the new park, the first breathing spot in Canton, by the proposed park, to the Kung Yee Hospital and Medical School. "It is more influential," says my friend, "than any other missionary."

There was the Anglican Boys' School, the Anglican Girls' School, the Provincial Assembly Building, a Catholic school, and other things I can not remember. It made us see that much was being done in Canton. It stood in mighty contrast to the tour of the morning. As Judge Munger said, "They are beginning to make a real city." As we drove back traffic was cleared from the main streets we followed and a line of troops stood on each side for miles. The President, Sun Yat Sen, was coming in from his temporary headquarters at the Agricultural College. He is the storm center of Canton and of South China. Just what a little of it means, I will try to tell in a final article on China.

Enough to say here that Lerrigo is right, "there is light for the darkest corner of Canton."

The mere presence of a man like Lerrigo working with the best of the Chinese against stagnation on the one side and against anarchy on the other side is in itself a factor of significance. The Youngstown, Ohio, woman who has supported Lerrigo out here entirely for some years has a part in the building of a new China which she may not fully realize herself.

At sea, March 19, 1923.

Is Labor Radical?

F. Ernest Johnson

Research Secretary of the Federal Council of Churches

DURING a period of intense strife between employers and workers such as that through which we have been passing, it is commonly heard that labor organizations are essentially revolutionary and destructive in their aims. During the railroad shopmen's strike, which is still continuing in some districts, the position was taken by many executives and widely supported in the press that the strike was "against the Government," that is, essentially revolutionary. Of course, this was untrue, since the Transportation Act allows both the railroads and the workers to accept or reject a decision of the Railroad Labor Board; the Pennsylvania Railroad is now availing itself of the same privilege. But the accusation illustrated the tendency toward an easy use of strong epithets during a heated controversy. Equally untrue is the statement commonly made that labor's hostility to the use of injunctions in industrial disputes is essentially unpatriotic and disloyal. Resistance of an injunction granted by a lower court under conditions that other court decisions have declared unfair can hardly be called rebellion. The moral motives and the ultimate legal rights in the case must be taken into account before judgment can be pronounced. The Church has always maintained the right of resistance to civil authority on conscientious grounds. This would certainly apply in the case of a religious congregation which was denied the right to worship in its own way. It ought to be remembered, likewise, that labor's occasional hostility to the forms of government may sometimes be dictated by a conviction that these forms are standing in the way of the spirit of liberty.

The charge of radicalism is raised nowadays as a regular part of any campaign against a labor organization. During the Denver tramway strike of 1920, a comparatively orderly contest with the exception of the outbreaks precipitated by the presence of armed strikebreakers, it was widely advertised to the public of Denver that their city had become the Mecca of the most dangerous, vengeful and destructive elements to be found in American industry. Even in the printers' strike of 1921, which was not characterized by mass disturbances of any kind, a certain employers' organization sent out publicity charging dangerous radicalism against men who were conducting a regulation strike for a shorter working week. The cry of revolution must never be taken seriously without investigation.

As a matter of fact, radicalism in any organization is a matter of degree. Theoretically it is always possible for a body which has economic or political power in its hands to do drastic, unpredecented things. No such organization, whether of labor or of capital, is far from the possibility of radical action; just as it may be said that no community is far from mob violence, given a conducive psychological situation and a provocative, real or imagined. From la-

bor's point of view a syndicate of bankers which used its power to interrupt the normal processes of economic life in a community in order to further the open shop movement would be radical; it would be the financial form of "direct action." This phrase does not denote a distinct type of action; rather it applies to any spontaneous resort to force, whether physical or economic. The strike has in it the elements of revolutionary action, and the same is true of the lockout. These mighty weapons may be employed in orderly fashion to attain ends commonly recognized as just; or they may be used in a way that is subversive of orderly government. In the same sense it might be said that Congress is potentially a revolutionary body because it may at any time, and sometimes does, pass drastic, perhaps confiscatory, legislation.

But there is a radical labor movement, or rather there are radical labor movements, properly so-called. As distinguished from the economic conservatism and orthodoxy of the American Federation of Labor, there are labor groups that look upon themselves as instruments of a new order, as agents of ultimate radical social change. The first such organization that comes to one's mind in America is the Industrial Workers of the World—I. W. W. It is an exponent of syndicalism—the organization of power in the community around industry rather than around the political entity known as the State. It would substitute direct action for political action; its creed is sometimes called industrial socialism. The I. W. W. repudiates craft unionism and advocates industrial unionism, a doctrine that may, however, be held quite without reference to revolutionary aims. But obviously only an industrial form of unionism puts enough workers under a single control to threaten seriously the stoppage of an entire industry. And only this basis of organization lends itself to the revolutionary ideal of the "One Big Union" of which much is heard during violent labor controversy in certain industries. Industrial unionism may be, often is, conservative, but it lends itself readily to drastic mass action.

It must be recognized, however, that the radicalism of the I. W. W. is largely a temperamental matter and is fostered by the semi-disinherited status of its membership. These nomads of the industrial world—these modern Ishmaelites—acquire no vested interest in society and have given no hostages to fortune. Many of them have no semblance of a permanent home. They are adventurous spirits who carry, many of them, an ideal of working class amelioration, of a more abundant life for the last man down. The I. W. W. has to its credit the consistent attempt to organize the unskilled workers whom the larger craft organizations have for the most part neglected. Yet the movement is without promise of great size or influence because its recruits are drawn from a class of workers whose size is limited; they are constantly being sucked up into the realm of stability and vested interest where they no longer find expressive of their true attitude the preamble and slogan of the I. W. W.: "The working class and the employing class have nothing in common." The possession of a permanent job and the ownership of a home are powerful deterrents from revolutionary tendencies.

Moreover, it should be said that the I. W. W. has officially denounced the practise of violence, whether on or off the job, asserting that "no principle was ever settled by such methods." It is probable that the organization has never been guilty of a tithe of the depredations that have been charged against it. At the same time its frank aim is the complete overthrow of the present economic order.

Much more important, however, than the I. W. W. —which is only a small storm cloud in the industrial sky—are the several powerful unions which have grown up in the last few years, particularly in the garment and textile trades, which have a strong working class psychology and which aim at ultimate and radical social change. These organizations are sometimes described by the term "the new unionism" because their aims are not confined to particular improvements in wages, hours and working conditions, but to the attainment of an entirely new status by the working class.

Foremost among these are the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, an organization only a few years old, largely Jewish and confined almost entirely to a few large cities, particularly New York, Chicago, Baltimore and Rochester. This organization, under the brilliant leadership of Sidney Hillman, a young Russian Jew, has gained a place of pre-eminence in the industry outranking the older "regular" organization in the A. F. of L.—the United Garment Workers of America. The Amalgamated enjoys during periods of industrial peace a reputation for enterprise, orderly participation in joint industrial control and fidelity to agreements. During a contest the preamble of their constitution is heralded from Dan to Beersheba as a slogan of attack upon the government. The fact is, the Amalgamated plainly declares that a "constant and unceasing" class-struggle is being waged in industry, and that the proper aim of working class industrial organization is to "put the organized working class in actual control of the system of production, and the working class will then be ready to take possession of it." Strange to say, no one seems to take this declaration very seriously as a revolutionary threat, save during a controversy when it makes good campaign material. Perhaps this is because the emphasis is upon making the working class "ready" to take possession of industry. The Amalgamated is strong on efficiency, competence, knowledge. There is no place in its theory for obstructive or destructive tactics. Mr. Hillman once said, in effect, to a convention of his organization: Your officers recognize their duty to protect you, but if you think that they are going to protect you from working, you are mistaken.

The entrance of labor unions into banking on a large scale is a new and significant departure, but hardly of a revolutionary sort. In one sense, the advocacy of nationalization of coal mines to which a considerable part of the membership of the United Mine Workers are committed, and the "Plumb Plan" for Government ownership and joint control of the railroads, are radical proposals. They look in the direction of socialism. On the other hand, such proposals if adopted would no more enthrone "revolutionary" ideals than does government ownership of the mail service give a red tint to that drab *regime*.

But what about "sabotage"—the limitation of output, the occasional slowing down of machines, sewing of left sleeves on to right shoulders, and similar reprisal schemes of which labor organizations have been accused? Broadly speaking, there is but one answer: "Guilty as charged." But that answer explains nothing. From labor's point of view, taking the movement as a whole, the limitation of output is simply a way of seeing to it, first, that the job doesn't give out and, secondly, that some equality shall be maintained between work done and compensation received. Of course this attitude is as unsound as it is vexing to the employer. But let us consider for a moment. Recall the industrial situation toward the close of the war, when every nerve was stretched, and patriotic loyalty was translated in the work shops into the one word, produce! Now, recall the situation immediately following the war, when the wheels of industry stopped, glutted by goods that nervous hands had produced but the most skilful salesmanship could not sell. This situation was brought on by the war, but it is in no sense peculiar to war periods. The recurring business cycles are notoriously characteristic of our industrial life. To the worker's mind such experiences are a clear justification for limiting output. Not infrequently they see the employer playing the same game, not maliciously, but because he, too, knows no other way. It must also be recognized that the workers are constantly impressed by the disparity between what is in their pay envelopes and what is distributed in dividends. The frequent smallness of the margin of profit they do not appreciate. The all but universal practice of secrecy on the part of employers as to their costs and profits has created the general impression in the workers' minds that "the company is rich." The experience with "piece work" has contributed to this same result. When production has run high, there has been a tendency for wage rates to do down. In spite of the fact that statistics of our national income show a deficit as compared with the normal requirements of a hundred million people, no way has been devised to give the workers themselves so great a stake in industry and so thorough an understanding of its processes that they will always do their best.

But rarely indeed are obstructive and non-cooperative practises and attitudes on the part of labor an evidence of hostility to the existing industrial order. They do not constitute a conspiracy against capitalism; they have no political significance. The really radical unions are the least likely to employ such weapons. And as for the rank and file of American labor, it is conservative. No one knows this better than the leaders of radical movements.

Washington Letter

Clarence E. Rice

SINCE writing my last letter Washington has put on her summer garments of luxuriant foliage of most vivid green and an endless variety of flowers. In no city that I have known are the main business streets so shaded with trees. Massachusetts Avenue is bordered on either side by four miles of lindens, and there are innumerable trees of different kinds on her parks and triangles, her circles and boulevards. New England, of course, is transformed when spring and summer bring foliage and flowers—but not to the same extent as our Capital City.

We spent a day recently across the Potomac in "Ole Virginy" on the foot hills of the Blue Ridge Mountains where Mrs. Bonner, so well known to many of our people, has a wonderful apple and peach orchard, where she directs operations with much enterprise and success. Her spacious summer home is filled with guests who flee from the heat and work of Washington for rest and recreation. The train bears us through a beautiful country, with its old plantations and rolling orchards and farms. Here and there we stop at villages with large numbers of negroes, seeming to furnish the larger portion of the population, gradually rising as we approach Round Hill. There we are met by our hostess and friends, and ascending for a mile or two by motor we come out on the hill with its expansive view on every side. Here in the heart of the orchard away from the heat of the city we breathe the fresh air and inspiration of country and mountain. If New England has her Green Mountains and beautiful Berkshires, Virginia has her Blue Ridge Mountains and her Shenandoah Valley, and it is hard to choose between them.

But we can not linger long on the mountains, for Washington is expecting, so the authorities tell us, from four to five hundred thousand visitors. The Shriners with their vast hordes of pleasure seekers have had given over to them the Capital City for the first week in June. All freight and produce and food is shut off for the week, and only passenger service is allowed. To take a city of half a million and in a day or two double its population, means upsetting of the routine city life. Every house has its guests, often crowds of them. Innumerable restaurants and cafeterias are arranged to feed them. Pennsylvania Avenue is gorgeous with decorations and electric lights, and seats are erected its whole length where there is available space. Inauguration Day, March 4, brings a crowd, but Shriners' week brings a far greater.

Our church here in Washington has its part to play during this week, as, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Association, dinners are served each day. It's a great undertaking with our present inadequate building and equipment, but our women are equal to it. Well prepared and organized, with every detail provided for, they would be an honor to the United States Commissary Department. Here's hoping results will justify the hard work.

Washington has had many conferences and conventions recently. Every week sees representatives of organizations of various kinds assembled. But it takes a large and very important gathering to make

the Capital take notice. The National Conference for Social Work last week, however, made a great impression. It was the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of social workers in the United States and Canada. Even Europe was represented. Over five thousand delegates were in attendance for the week. Our General Convention appointed the Revs. C. H. Pennoyer, C. P. Hall and C. E. Rice as delegates, and all were present. Besides these representatives of the Convention at least a dozen Universalists from various sections of the United States were present. All Universalist social workers were invited to meet one afternoon at the New Ebbitt House and about twenty were in attendance. No hall in Washington was large enough to hold those gathered at the general meetings, and crowds were turned away or sent to overflow meetings.

Secretary Hughes spoke at the opening meeting and President and Mrs. Harding received the delegates one afternoon on the south lawn of the White House, while the Marine Band furnished music for the occasion.

Every subject relating to social work was considered. Child labor, the League of Nations, peace, and above all the domestic conditions, housing, the church, education and schools, hospitals and almshouses were treated, with constant emphasis on prevention of rather than cure for social ills. This Conference marked the highest attainment and progress along social lines the world has ever known.

The work in the Church of Our Father has been encouraging. Congregations are good, the spirit of courage and enthusiasm is not wanting, and after the first six months of residence in Washington I am more than ever confident that our General Convention has acted wisely in inaugurating this movement for a Memorial Universalist Church in the Capital City. Every day reveals new material, new possibilities for building up a large and flourishing church. If many of the other communions feel the need of representation in Washington through fine edifices and memorial churches, much more ought we to have at least this one beautiful church here to stand for the great faith we love and cherish.

Front Porch Studies

MY old friend and classmate, "A Memory," came again. He is always coming, and when he comes he is always talking; he is a garrulous chap, and my only chance is to get in ahead of him, so as he came up on the porch I began talking before I said good morning.

Recalling our conversation, I said: "When you were last here we talked about the progressive boys in the Divinity School who were going out to make Christians and not Universalists. I want to shatter the past with this glorious present. The past is gone. We are living in a new age when all things are new, but rooted in the old. I want to call attention to an existing condition and person, a sort of parable with real people in it.

"There is a man in this city who is a minister and none the less a man, who is the most influential force for good in the community. There is no movement for social righteousness he has not led, and the people take note when and where he leads, not only because of himself but because he has multiplied himself by a great army of thousands of followers. When he speaks it is with the voice of a multitude.

"Yet he is a minister. He is the pastor of the big Central Methodist Church. He came here only a few years ago, but to-day his church is the largest Protestant church in the city. It seats two thousand people and is crowded to the doors twice on Sundays. There are twenty-one other Methodist churches in the district, mostly swarms from this big parent church. The Methodists are an irresistible power, preserving and spreading Christianity.

"This minister made a significant observation when i onference with ministers of other names who were seeking church co-operation, and some there were who attacked "sectarianism" and felt that they were too big to be confined to any one denomination. Like our school boys of old, they wanted to make Christians. Then spoke up this biggest maker of Christians in the whole community, and I paraphrase:

" 'Brethren,' he said, 'my ultimate purpose is to make Christians as the supreme need of the world to be supplied. My present purpose is to make Methodists as the only way in which I can make Christians. Other people have other ways adapted to their tastes and talents, and I say, God bless you, to them all, and will co-operate with them to the limit. But my way of making Christians is to make Methodists. I do not mean that all Christians must be Methodists, but I do mean that all Methodists I make will be Christians in the widest and most practical meaning of the word. The Methodist Church is my working plant. Here I have the building and equipment and the organized forces and the motive power.

" 'Now I am in hearty accord with every purpose to unite the forces of Christianity in the interest of greater efficiency, but I have noticed that those who are always trying to find a better and a quicker way to do things are usually those who never do anything at all in their own way. I have noticed that those who do things worth while are those who have a distinct and definite goal and have a distinct and definite way of reaching that goal.

" 'People to-day want a positive messsage. They will not follow an *ignis fatuus* out into the swamp. Only the man who knows something and knows he knows it, and is not afraid nor ashamed to proclaim it, has the elements of leadership. Those self-assumed leaders who are trying to ride every horse in the race and jumping from one to another thinking they can land on the leader, are riding to a fall.

" 'Here is a little church around the corner without money and without people, and a minister without much fitting, but he has sense enough to know that church is just about his size and he sticks right to

his job of making his kind of Christians. He is helping people to be good and happy who could never be reached by bigger men. The definite purpose and the confident message are what the world wants.'

"All these churches are but different interpretations of the same divine truth. My friend, the successful Methodist minister, with the splendid vision and enthusiasm, is out to make Methodists, and as he interprets Methodism it is a glorious career. Of course there are Methodists who look askance at him and think he is not preaching 'the Word.' There are those who are fighting over the doctrines and dogmas, and they too are doing good in so far as they establish the foundations of truth. All are of value as long as they do not claim a monopoly of truth. But my Methodist friend is doing more in making real Christians than all the others put together. He has a vision but he is not a visionary. He does not believe that something can be made out of nothing, even by divine fiat.

"He believes there are good methods and bad methods of doing good things. He does not propose to walk when he can have an auto that will multiply his efficiency. He refuses to believe the moon is made of green cheese because he heard of it when a boy. His idea of getting into heaven is to get heaven into this every-day world, and with the tremendous forces he has enlisted he proposes to bring some real genuine actual heaven right into this life.

"I have listened to his preaching and there is nothing indefinite and shadowy about his message. He insists upon conversion. 'Here,' he says, 'you men and women, you know you have been going wrong. You must turn round and go right, and now, to-day, is the time to do it. I want you to enlist in this branch of the army of the Lord, and to go in with your whole heart, ready not only to die for the cause but to live for it. If you can work and fight somewhere else better than here, then go there, and God bless you, but we are enlisting Methodist soldiers right here and now, to make this earth fit for heaven, and this means work and sacrifice and suffering it may be. You can't substitute a lot of old theological dogmas for these things. I want you to be a Methodist, and put on the uniform so the world will know where you stand in this great conflict to Christianize Christianity as a means of Christianizing the world.'

"He gets them to put on the uniform of the Methodist Church to do the bigger work. He does not make them Methodists just to be Methodists, but for efficiency in making Christians. Now, though I was born a Methodist, I was not drawn to that Church for my life work. I could not stand the official theology which I must either accept or secretly avoid. I wanted to be intellectually honest. I did not like its excess of emotionalism; but, like every one, I needed an organization in which and through which I could work.

"I wanted to stand up on my own two feet, a free man religiously, and in the Universalist Church I found the liberty of mind and conscience where I could take the basic principles of the Church of my childhood and have intellectual and moral self-respect. But I discovered that to be efficient I must work in and through an organization of those of like mind, or my work and theirs would be futile. Therefore I am out to make Universalists, as my way of making Christians.

"Now, my dear old friend Memory, I like you and enjoy you, and I recall how big we felt when we had the glorious vision of going out to make Christians instead of Universalists, but I have imbibed a little of real, hard, practical common sense in these passing years, and I know we must have not only the spirit of work but the practical and material means with which to work, so I am co-operating with those of like mind to make Christians in and through the Universalist Church. And I am going to keep right on in my humble way doing this one thing, instead of chasing an *'ignis fatuus.'*

"Brother Memory, you are a good friend and I like you and enjoy you, but now I think it's time for you to go home to your dinner, for I see Miss Prophecy coming up the street, and there are times even on my Front Porch when three is a crowd."

F. A. B.

What the Drive Did for Lombard College

THERE is a tide in the affairs of all men, which if taken at flood, leads on to fortune. This terribly true but equally deceptive statement has stuck in my mind since the old days of the copy-book and inky fingers. The trouble with the promise, so prettily stated, is that no almanac is published which states the exact moment of flood, and the result is that oft times the flood tide comes and the ebb is far along before "the affairs of all men" begin to realize it—then it is too late to "lead on to fortune." Sounds pessimistic, doesn't it? It is meant to.

It is possible to analyze the character and purpose of any life, of any business, of any institution, and determine the direction of its tide and the exact moment of its ebb and flow. Lombard College, like perhaps every small college in the land, has ebbed and flowed, has prospered and failed, during the nearly seventy-five years of its Universalist service, each flood finding it a little higher than the preceding one, and each ebb a little less weak than the one before it.

In 1916 a new administration took hold of Lombard and carefully they analyzed the situation. They dug into the old tombs of education, social service and finance, but, unlike the recent Egyptian archeologists, no marvelous treasures greeted their selfish eyes. They did find, however, in their labors, an institution founded seventy-five years ago by devoted men and women who in the face of discouragement planted a Universalist college, and who left cherished ideals for others to perpetuate; they unearthed also a history of loyalty to the Church that will ever stand as an example.

These riches uncovered were of more value to the new administration than hoards of wealth would have been, for they gave them the incentive necessary for the work of stemming the fast receding ebb and starting the tide in the other direction. Educational

standing, social character, and scholastic merit are all of primary importance, but after all it takes dollars to run a college, just the same as it does any other business. So this new administration, after two years of laying foundations, started out with a most loyal band of workers to gather in the necessary shekels with which to perpetuate the only Universalist college west of New York State.

About twenty minutes after this loyal committee began its work, the General Convention, through that indomitable spirit, Dr. John Smith Lowe, announced a national Drive for a Million Dollars, to include every Universalist interest in America, and for which every loyal parishioner, each organization and all institutions should work and labor. You know that when the tide is "way out" there is a considerable space of time when it is impossible to recognize which way it is actually moving. This was the condition at Lombard, and it was agreed that one more year would make little difference, hence the local organization was turned over bodily to the greater and more important work of the denomination.

When the "Million Dollar Drive" was completed and Lombard again took the field, times had changed financially, socially, educationally, and all ways. The tide had ebbed far beyond all previous records and "things were blue." The plans of a year ago were inadequate, the old dollar was worth but fifty cents, the old educational requirements had been increased, salaries were inadequate, and some of the workers were discouraged.

That is where you, brother and sister Universalist, stepped in and saved the day. It takes just a little push to start a big rock, but once it moves it will crash down the mountain side, increasing in velocity and speed. Of course it may be a prejudiced statement, but I am firmly of the opinion that the $12,000 granted Lombard College from the Drive funds was the wisest apportionment that the Trustees of the General Convention made. This investment was not merely needed, it was critical. Just at that moment it meant much more than it would have meant before or later. It was psychological. It told the local Lombard constituency that Lombard was an intrinsic part of a parent organization, that the Universalist denomination does care for the college, and that the denomination needs Lombard for its future growth and prosperity.

Your appropriation, then, was the turning of the tide. It is now moving slowly and surely on toward the flood. Your investment from the "Million Dollar Drive" was a good one. Dividends are already being paid.

Lombard and the denomination are inter-dependent, their interests are mutual, and although each could doubtless live without the other, yet each will wax stronger because of the inter-relation. The words of one of the Trustees of our General Convention are true and pertinent: "In my opinion the growth of the Universalist denomination in the Middle West depends upon the growth of Lombard College more than upon any other one thing."

Next to unifying the denomination, which I believe was the biggest result of the Drive, I am of the opinion that the small appropriation to Lombard College did more good, and in more ways, than any other single result of the biggest task our beloved Church ever attempted.

Vest Pocket Lay Sermons

XXIX My Prayer Rug

Agricola

I AM the happy possessor of a prayer rug which appeals strongly to the esthetic sense of all who see it. It lies where I must cross it to reach the music box or the dining room. In unconventional moments I like to let my bare feet sink into its soft meshes—a Moslem would never profane it by shoes. Anatolian wool from off the hills now listening to murderous artillery makes up its honest piles. Dye from some seaport of the Levant, Tyre, perhaps, design from a forgotten Arab artist, hand woven by nameless peasants in huts of Asia Minor.

How I wish I could have seen it made—so slowly and painfully—for I am assured it was really imported and not put together in America. To me the glamour of the East is enmeshed in its soft fibers, the essence of Islam glows in its modest colors. Three feet by five, with margins of blues and browns and delicate tans, a panel of dull, burnished red with its mosque-like arch, and in the center, soul of this living thing, a slender shaft pointing us to Mecca when we kneel and pray.

As Daniel looked out of the palace windows toward Jerusalem when he prayed, the Mohammedan faces toward Mecca, city of the camel-driver who rules so imperiously over three hundred million souls. The prayer rug, small and portable, is the inseparable companion of the Moslem. Five times a day on this soft cushion or on bare stone temple floors the followers of the Prophet repeat the pious phrase, "*Allah Akbar*," "God is great," and forget the world.

The prayer rug is a product of centuries of art married to religion. As Florence painted Madonnas, and as Medieval France created Gothic cathedrals, Islam spun out of its soul the carpets which we prize so highly. How carefully the strands of wool are chosen, what infinite patience in selecting colors and weaving the design, what utter devotion, are here typified! The Moslem lives in his gorgeous carpets as Cellini did in his golden vessels, or the Brussels lace-maker in her delicate fabrics. Surely we think more highly of this despised Oriental for such supreme excellence in a field all his own. The soul is not all sordid which patiently through centuries transmutes itself into these beautiful creations. In them the ideal becomes visible, as the dream of the painter becomes glorious canvas, of the architect frozen marble.

Who knows how material things impress their patterns upon the soul? Color, design, texture, these by a magical transformation may make my soul more

Beautiful. We have never yet explored all the treasure houses of the psychology of beauty, although Catholicism makes rich use of music and architecture in its solemn services. As the lofty nave of the cathedral invites to reverence, so this beautiful fabric speaks mysteriously to the soul.

A prayer will rise no higher from a rug however beautiful or redolent of piety than from dirt floors or the unaided human heart. Yet my rug is precious because, while the product of the Moslem soul, it speaks a universal language.

* * *

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Cabin on the Roof

THERE is a certain city wherein is an Inn which is called the Waldorf. And it is a Boarding House of some importance in that town. And I sojourned in that city, and a friend said, Come and eat with me. And he provided Food at the Waldorf. And I did not have to think of the cost, neither did I know the prices.

And after we had eaten, and that was Some Eat, he said, Come thou up on the Roof and see the Garden that is there.

So we went up in the Elevator and stood on the Roof. But the Garden saw we not. For there were men at work upon the Roof, creating that which was not a Garden but a Forest. For they had sent men into the Forest and cut down Green Boughs and Hemlock and Spruce and Pine. And they had many cases of Smilax and other Stuff of Evergreen whose leaf doth not wither. And they were making a Dense Forest with a Winding Path that led unto a Log Cabin.

And we entered the Log Cabin, and we found them erecting tables. And the Tables were of Boards rough as they came from the Saw Mill.

And the man in charge told us that a man of Great Wealth was giving a Dinner to Seventy of his Friends, or those who were reputed to be his Friends, and this was the way he was to do it. They were to eat the Finest Viands off Wooden Platters, and to drink the finest Coffee out of Tin Cups. And there were to be no Table Cloths.

And I asked about how much it cost Per Plate for this Artificial Simplicity. And they told me that this little Banquet was to cost him, all told, the sum of Twenty Thousand Shekels. And that was about Two Hundred and Four Score and Five Shekels a Plate.

Now I have eaten good dinners off plain Boards and drank Coffee out of Tin Cups at about One Fourth of a Shekel per meal. And I have seen the time when Two Hundred and Four Score and Five Shekels would have boarded me and Keturah for the half of a Year. And I have not yet reached the point where such shows do not seem to me to be Sinful Waste.

And I asked concerning the man who made the Feast, and who his father was, and who his father's father was. And I learned that he was spending the money which his father's father began to earn with a Cant-Hook in a Saw Mill, and also drank his coffee out of a tin cup.

And I said, There is at least this good thing about it, that when Extravagance hath gone its Limit, and seeketh some New Thing to do, the folk who practise it can find nothing better than to go back and do in Mimickry that which their own Grandfathers did for Daily Bread. Yea, and at the rate some of them are spending, it may not be long until they have to do it. And I hope that when they come to the point where they take their Coffee out of Tin Cups and eat their Bread from tables without Linen, it will seem to them as Jolly as now it doth when it costethTwenty Thousand Shekels to feed Seventy folk who already are Overfed.

* * *

PREACHING THE GOSPEL AT FUNERALS

Sarah A. Dixon

IT is noticeable that in the recent discussions concerning the discouraging condition of the church, primary consideration is being given to the pulpit as the most important factor in church life, and most of us feel that this is as it should be. No one can estimate the value in moral and spiritual uplift to a community of having in its midst a pulpit which week after week and year after year expresses in simple language the deeper thoughts of the people. Although we may not feel as we enter the pulpit that we will preach "as never to preach again, as a dying man to dying men," there is no doubt that most ministers are conscious of the supreme privilege of voicing for the people what lies deepest in their lives.

It comes over me at times, however, to wonder whether we ministers value another pulpit given to us freely out of the need of the people themselves and where there is always a congregation in waiting. I refer to the service called a funeral. Many of us are distressed by some of the forms persisted in at the funeral service, and we would gladly see a change in some respects, but even so few realize the success Christianity is, or the Christian minister, until they step into a home filled with people waiting for a message from a man of God.

During the last year I have had the great privilege of preaching at thirty-five such gatherings. People would say that I had officiated at thirty-five funerals, but it seems something different to me. To enter a home where all is quiet, where neighbors and friends are gathered in love and good-will, where hearts are tender and minds are receptive, and speak the word of immortal love and eternal sympathy, is one of the great blessings which comes to a minister's life. In this way a minister can rivet spiritual truth in different sections of his parish as can be done in no other way. At such a time to rattle off a form of service prepared by a past generation, suitable alike for prince or pauper, to eulogize too pointedly the dead, or to read excerpts from the writings of a dead man, when all are ready for your heart's spiritual blood alive and warm, is like giving a stone where bread is asked.

Whatever becomes of the church, wherever men may be found on the Sabbath, it is a thing to be considered that at the time of a burial the community holds out its arms to the church and says: "I need you. I want comfort, faith, and strength. Help me to get them." I refuse to consider the church pulpit my only pulpit when bent heads and sorrowing hearts have given me another.

MASSACHUSETTS UNIVERSALIST CONVENTIONS

The annual sessions of the Universalist Conventions of Massachusetts were held this year in the city of Malden, entertained from May 15 to May 17 by the First Parish Universalist Church. The sessions were uplifting and inspiring, and the delegates and visitors left the meetings more fully equipped to face the problems of church work and worship.

The Sunday School Association convened on Tuesday, May 15, with devotional services, and an address by the president. This was followed by a talk on "Religious Training of Children of Pre-School Age," by Mrs. A. H. Brown, Field Secretary for Church School Administration for the Diocese of Massachusetts; "The Developing of Reverence," by the Rev. Charles R. Tenney, D. D., of Southbridge; "Our Children and Our Mission," by Miss Helen Rice, and an outline of "Ten Minute Talks on the Prophets," as given in the Arlington Sunday school, by Mrs. Stanley Manning. The exhibition of church school work in the Sunday school rooms held the attention of all the visitors during the intermission, and gave splendid evidence of what our pupils can do.

The official reports of the president, secretary-treasurer, and field supervisors occupied the first part of the afternoon session, with the election of officers, and pledging for state work to the amount of a thousand dollars. The Rev. Geo. E. Huntley, D. D., president of the General Sunday School Association, spoke briefly on "Summer Schools and Institutes," and brought the greetings of the national organization. The addresses of the afternoon covered a broad field—"Supervising Religious Education in the Local School," Miss Mary Slaughter; "New Tasks for a New Day," the Rev. Ivan S. Nowlan; "Week-Day Schools of Religion," the Rev. Erwin L. Shaver—and gave opportunity for an interesting discussion from the floor. An hour was given to various group conferences, ranging from Cradle Roll work to parents, officers and superintendents, and Home Department. The Mass Meeting of the evening closed the session, with a fine address on "The X-Y Line," by the Rev. McIlyar H. Lichliter of the Central Congregational Church, Newton.

Officers elected for the ensuing year: President, Carl A. Hempel, Lynn; vice-president, Rev. Ulysses S. Milburn, Everett; secretary-treasurer, William D. Veazie, Malden; directors: Rev. Isaac Smith, Lowell; Mrs. L. C. Crocker, Lynn; Miss Helen Hanscom, Lawrence; Mrs. Stanley Manning, Arlington; Rev. Hervey H. Hoyt, Waltham. Mrs. Mary I. Chamberlain and Miss Elizabeth Randall were reappointed field supervisors for the year.

The Woman's Universalist Missionary Society opened their convention on Wednesday, May 16, with Miss Grace F. White presiding, and devotions in charge of the Rev. Isabella S. Macduff. The official call was read by Miss A. Louise Barker, and sessional committees were appointed by the president. The reports of the annual session, recording and corresponding secretaries, treasurer, auditors, and department chairmen showed an ever-increasing interest and loyalty to the work of the society; and the report of the Committee on Business opened the way for further endeavor and continued effort.

The afternoon session was opened with an interval of song, directed by Mrs. George E. Leighton, and a devotional service. The roll call showed a large attendance, and was followed by the special order of business, amendments as proposed. The Rev. A. Gertrude Earle of Methuen gave the principal address of the Convention, taking for her subject "Thinking Big," and pointed out the need of high ideals and broader aspirations in our church work. The pledging for the Clara Barton Memorial, led by Miss Macduff, was followed by the reports of remaining committees, and the election of officers. During the entire session the musical contributions by Mrs. Florence E. Simpson, soloist, Miss Elvia A. Spaulding, violinist, and Mrs. Grace B. Coburn, organist, added greatly to the inspiration of the meetings.

Officers elected: Miss Grace F. White, Brookline, president; Rev. Isabella S. Macduff, Leominster, vice-president; Mrs. Elizabeth B. Willmann, Wollaston, treasurer; Miss A. Louise Barker, Cambridge, recording secretary; Mrs. Nellie C. Wadleigh, Arlington, corresponding secretary. District vice-presidents and chairmen were also appointed.

On Wednesday evening, May 16, the State Convention convened, with Mr. Victor A. Friend presiding. The opening prayer was given by the Rev. George E. Leighton, D. D., Somerville, followed by the reading of the call for the Council by the secretary, and the appointment by the president of Committees on Official Reports, Nominations, Elections, Religious Services, and Auditing, and the monitors. A cordial welcome to the Convention was extended by Mr. Dana J. Flanders, president of the board of trustees of the Malden church, to which President Friend responded. The communion service was conducted by the Rev. Clarence J. Cowing, Malden, assisted by the Rev. George H. Lewis, Annisquam, and deacons from the Malden church. The offering for the Ministerial Relief Fund amounted to $63.25. The Rev. Horatio E. Latham, North Attleboro, delivered the occasional sermon, taking for his text John 15 : 15, "Henceforth I do not call you servants, for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth, but henceforth I call you friends." His subject was "A Gospel for a Universalist." The organist and choir of the Malden church assisted in the service.

On Thursday the Council opened at 9 a. m., with Mr. Friend presiding, and prayer by the Rev. Charles E. Clark, D. D., Medford Hillside. Reports were presented as follows: Official Reports: Executive Committee, Treasurer, Auditors, Fellowship Committee, and State Superintendent. Convention Reports: Nominations Committee, Social Service Commission, and Committee on the Massachusetts Federation of Churches. Greetings and messages were brought from the several allied organizations—Young People's Christian Union, Donald Sleeper, president; Universalist Publishing House, the Rev. Harold Marshall, D. D., manager; Doolittle Home, the Rev. Charles Conklin, D. D., president; Crane Theological School, the Rev. Frank Oliver Hall, D. D.; Dean Academy, Prof. Arthur W. Peirce, principal; Bethany Union, Frank A. Dewick, president; Universalist Historical Society, Hosea Starr Ballou, president; Japan Mission, the Rev. Roger F. Etz, secretary; Universalist Comrades, James D. Tillinghast, secretary.

Two hours of the afternoon session were given to a Social Clinic and Forum, conducted by the Social Service Commission, with Rev. C. H. Pennoyer, chairman, presiding. Four topics were covered by members of the commission, followed by discussion from the floor: Prisons, the Rev. U. S. Milburn; Gambling, the Rev. H. W. Haynes; Theater, the Rev. W. B. Brigham and Mrs. G. A. Libby; Recreation, the Rev. Isaac Smith. The presentation of these topics and the discussion following proved to be of great interest to the delegates.

Reports were received from the Committee on Official Reports, covering all phases of the Convention work, Committee on Elections and Committee on Nominations, and the election of officers was held. At six-thirty the annual banquet was held in the church dining-hall, with community singing and excellent addresses by Mrs. Alice Ogilvie, who spoke on "A Missionary's Experiences in China;" and the Rev. W. Quay Rosselle of the First Baptist Church, Malden, on "The Place of a Liberal in Religion." The session closed with the feeling on the part of all that this Convention was "the best ever," which, though it is a yearly and usual feeling, was none the less sincere; and we all know that this Convention is to help in the furthering of our work and the advancement of our Church.

Officers elected for the State Convention: President, Victor A. Friend, Melrose; vice-president, Rev. C. Guy Robbins, D. D., Lawrence; secretary, Rev. Leroy W. Coons, D. D., Boston; treasurer, A. Ingham Bicknell, Esq., Boston; trustees for three years, Samuel T. Cushing, Arlington, Harold E. Sweet, Attleboro; trustee for two years, Rev. Reignold K. Marvin, D. D., Franklin; Fellowship Committee for three years, Harry E. Adams, Brookline, Rev. John Clarence Lee, D. D., Gloucester; Publishing House trustees for three years, Victor A. Friend, Melrose, Charles C. Nichols, Everett, Rev. Stanley G. Spear, Roxbury, Rev. Vincent E. Tomlinson, D. D., Worcester. Preacher of occasional sermon, 1924, Rev. George E. Leighton, D. D., Somerville

Home and Children

YOUR FLAG AND MY FLAG

Your flag and my flag,
And how it flies to-day,
O'er your land and my land
And half the world away;
Rose-red and blood-red
Its stripes forever gleam,
Snow-white and soul-white
The good forefathers' dream.
Sky-blue and true blue,
With stars to shine aright;
The gloried guidon of the day,
A shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag,
And O, how much it holds!
Your land and my land
Secure within its folds!
Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight,
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed
The red and blue and white—
The one flag, the great flag,
The flag for me and you!
Glorified, all else beside,
The red and white and blue.

Your flag and my flag!
To every star and stripe
The drums beat as hearts beat
And pipers shrilly pipe.
Your flag and my flag,
A blessing in the sky;
Your hope and my hope,
It never hid a lie.
Homeland and far-land,
And half the world around,
Old Glory hears the great salute
And flutters to the sound.

Selected.

* * *

HOW "OLD GLORY" WAS DESIGNED

As we celebrate another anniversary of our banner, a brief review of the story of its inception, and of that of the woman who helped to originate it, may not prove uninteresting.

On June 14, 1777, the Continental Congress, then meeting in Philadelphia, took the following action: "*Resolved*, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

This action appears to have been taken upon the recommendation of a special committee, composed of Robert Morris and George Ross, appointed the year before to consider the general subject of adopting a uniform banner for all the colonies, which until that time had each its own device, even the several regiments of soldiers having their independent flags.

In order to help them in their efforts to submit a suitable design to Congress, Morris and Ross, accompanied by General George Washington, went to the humble brick house, 239 Arch Street, Philadelphia, which is still standing, and which has since become an object of national interest, to seek the assistance of the pretty Elizabeth Ross, a patriotic young widow living there, who was known far and wide for her exceptional skill with the needle. They submitted to her their design; and from it, after a few modifications had been suggested by her and adopted, she made the flag that was submitted for the inspection of the members of Congress; and because of their satisfaction with it the resolution quoted above was adopted.

It was necessary that there should be as soon as possible flags for the army, navy, and many other objects. Mrs. Ross received the order to make these flags, and for a long time her little home was the busy manufactory of the flags of the nation. The little house is now much as it was when her busy fingers worked there.

Elizabeth Griscom was born on the first of January, 1752. In 1774, at the age of twenty-one, she married John Ross, the son of an Episcopal clergyman of Newcastle, Del., a brother of George Ross, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and a member of the subcommittee on the flag.

The young couple entered upon the upholstery business at 239 Arch Street; and for a time all went well. The fateful days of the Revolution were rapidly approaching, however, and already the spirit of liberty was abroad. Loyal men everywhere were willing to give themselves to their country's service in her time of need; and the women, no less loyal, were willing to make sacrifice of their loved ones, if need be, to withstand oppression.

Among the very first to respond to the call was young John Ross. So far as he was able he would look after the interests of the little shop during the day; and the night found him, with other patriots, guarding some military stores on one of the wharves along the Delaware River. One sad night a premature explosion of gunpowder gave the young man a fatal injury. He was carried home by tender hands to his almost heartbroken wife, who nursed him with the most earnest solicitude, but within a few days she was alone in the world at the early age of twenty-four. Her patriot husband was buried in the churchyard of the famous Old Christ Church on Jan. 20, 1776.

Mrs. Ross continued the upholstery business, and it was shortly after the death of her husband that the flag committee called to secure her assistance in making a flag from the design they presented.

The romance of the attractive young widow was by no means over, however, in the sad bereavement that had befallen her. The gallant Captain Joseph Ashburn came a-wooing so successfully that on June 15, 1777, the day after the important action taken by Congress, they were married in the quaint Old Swedes' Church, down by the Delaware, still standing on the site of the oldest church erected in Pennsylvania. Again her country called; and again she gave all. On the third of May, 1782, Captain Ashburn died, a prisoner of war, in the forbidding Old Mill Prison, Plymouth, England.

With him in the prison at the time of his death was his comrade, John Claypoole, to whom, doubtless, he intrusted many endearing messages to the little woman on the other side of the broad Atlantic. Claypoole finally obtained his release, and returned to America. Making his way to the little Arch Street home, he informed our young heroine of her second affliction. So attractive did he find her, and she listened so sympathetically to his stories of the sufferings of his friend and himself in the English prison, that he, too, lost his heart, and soon found himself pouring into her willing ear "another and a softer tale." Again "Barkis was willin'," and on May 8, 1783, the year in which Congress ratified the preliminary treaty with Great Britain, and in which Washington resigned his commission as commander-in-chief of American forces, they were married. For some years they lived happily together. He died Aug. 3, 1817.

This was her last matrimonial venture. She survived her third husband until Jan. 30, 1836, when she died at the ripe age of eighty-four. She was buried in Mt. Moriah Cemetery, Philadelphia.

She lived long enough to see the little constellation of stars in the union of the flag increase from thirteen to twenty-five, and to see her loved land, for which she had sacrificed so much, and to which she had been instrumental in giving the most beautiful and graceful flag in all the world, well on its way to the forefront of nations.

No visit to Philadelphia is complete that does not include the humble little flag house. All honor to the heroic little woman who there gave us our first flag!—*Christian Endeavor World.*

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

IN WISCONSIN AND MINNESOTA

In certain of our Northern states people have had such a continuous program of cold weather that every sign of spring is greeted with joy. "If winter goes" was their chief concern when I visited there the first of the month.

At Wausau, Wisconsin, the warm welcome quite offset the chill in the air and the fact that there were still patches of snow in secluded corners. The day there was a busy one and included a luncheon and afternoon meeting with the Ladies' Society as well as a supper and an evening meeting with the Guild.

In between there was opportunity to meet with a group of girls to tell them something of Clara Barton's life, also to call upon Dr. Margaret Trevitt, who has the distinction of being the first Clara Barton Guild life member. Dr. Trevitt has sent in her membership through the Guild because of her interest in its members in the Wausau church and her splendid appreciation of Clara Barton and all that her life stood for.

In Augusta, Wisconsin, I found a loyal group of women who keep together in spite of the fact that there has been no pastor in the church for some time.

During the ten days in Minneapolis I enjoyed being a member of Unity House family and coming in close touch again with the many activities there. This institution, which came into being twenty-five years ago through the interest and effort of Dr. and Mrs. Shutter, has been a living example of applied Christianity, not only in the neighborhood but throughout the city as well.

Tuttle Church was visited three times, first to attend a Y. P. C. U. banquet, then on Women's Sunday to have a part in the Sunday morning service and lastly to attend a Guild banquet.

The May Luncheon and Meeting in Anoka brought together representatives from the women's societies of near by churches, and in spite of a heavy storm a goodly number attended. Reports were read and the desire was expressed on the part of each organization represented to meet this year's apportionments in full. The women were interested to hear of our work in North Carolina and Tennessee, all the more so this year perhaps because Minnesota is to send a worker into that field this summer. Miss Barbara Graham of Anoka, daughter of the president of the State Association, will assist Miss Powell at Sunburst, by taking charge of the kindergarten there.

During the month many of our Guilds have had Mothers' and Daughters' Banquets. It was my good fortune to be present at one held at the Church of the Redeemer in Minneapolis. Members of the Clara Barton Guild and other daughters were guests of the Women's Association and one hundred and thirty-five were present. The long tables, shaded by soft candlelight, were beautiful with baskets of roses, daffodils and marguerites, and at each place was a gaily colored paper basket which helped to remind us that May Day had come.

When it was learned that morning that Mrs. Stanley Emrich was in the city in the interest of the Near East Relief Drive, arrangements were made at once for her to be present that evening. Mrs. Emrich told the story of Armenia as only she can tell it and in closing we lived over with her the last few weeks in the life of Takoore, the boy who had always wanted a mother. Then we turned for a time from the Near East to the thought of our work in Japan, also our hopes and plans for the Guild in the development of the Clara Barton Birthplace.

The city of Owatonna was also visited again. Although we have no church services there at present the Women's Association still continues to meet and this is a thoroughly live organization. During the past year it has contributed liberally to our work and its gift to North Carolina far exceeded its assigned quota.

My visit to the St. Paul Guild convinced me of the fact that these young women are thoroughly awake to the plan and purpose of the organization and are anxious to do their part. This is equally true of the two Minneapolis Guilds, and their interests and activities are many.

Our Minnesota women have a worthy record in the Association and through the Guild the daughters are being trained to take their places. From present indications they will be able to do this creditably.

Susan M. Andrews.

Concord, Michigan.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

MASTER KEISHA SAN

Kindly turn toward Shizuoka and touch the earth with your forehead three times. This do in honor of Keisha San, who on March 3 came to live with our pastor and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Terasawa.

The lad started his career in Universalism at a very early age, inasmuch as he attended church service on Easter Sunday. Our Sunday school missionary, Rev. Hazel I. Kirk, will have the honor of christening this latest recruit.

* *

REJOICE WITH WESTVILLE

Rev. Almira L. Cheney, energetic State Sunday school worker in Ohio, has another star in her crown. Here are some extracts from her enthusiastic letter:

Mark up another school! Yesterday I went out to Westville and we organized a Sunday school in a church which had not had one for thirty years. About a month ago Mrs. Stoner organized a Home Department of sixteen members, and two weeks later they wrote to me asking if I could come out and organize a Sunday school. A fine young man was nominated for superintendent and his wife is to teach the primary class. We installed the officers, using a part of the service furnished by you dear people of the G. S. S. A., who must work twenty-four hours every day to judge by the number of lovely things you are always doing for us.

I am sure that you deem us regular Oliver Twists, so I must continue to act the part and ask for some *more* things that I want: A superintendent's note-book, a set of slogans, six copies of Sunday School Progress each month, and such other help as you give to new schools.

Miss Clara Magrew is the moving spirit of this church. The school starts out with a Primary Department which is to have a lovely, light room of its own. The folks were pleased with the idea of a Loan Library and want to borrow books at once.

This is the tale in brief. I say "Praise the Lord!"

* *

MR. MILBURN HAS MOVED

Rev. U. S. Milburn, who has been the superintendent of our Stereopticon Department for several years, and who is a real expert in regard to lantern slides, has moved from Salem, Mass., to 88 Waverly Street, Everett, Mass. He has had in his ministry a thoroughly deserved promotion and is receiving hearty congratulations.

* *

DO YOU WANT A STEREOPTICON?

We hope so. If you do, we may be able to serve you as we did the Sunday school people at St. Johnsbury. They wanted to buy a lantern and they wanted to make the very best use of their money. Now St. Johnsbury has some advantages over Boston, but Boston has some over St. Johnsbury—as for instance in being near to reliable firms that specialize in stereopticons.

We were able to put the St. Johnsbury friends in touch with trustworthy dealers, to suggest the type of lantern that would be appropriate for the church, to report certain improvements added since catalogues were printed and to secure an important concession in price.

We are always ready to render such assistance. Do *you* want a stereopticon?

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

June 30. Vermont Y. P. C. U. Convention, Woodstock.

* *

S. O. S.

"Brother Strain, I wanted to come to hear you preach, but I just couldn't do it; I didn't have any shoes to wear." So spoke a member of one of our Georgia churches a few weeks ago. Doubtless that is an extreme instance of the economic depression in rural Georgia and neighboring states, but there are many differing from it only in slight degree. The Georgia farmers are intrinsically well-to-do, for the soil is productive and they are not afraid to work. But for three years they have been struggling against adverse conditions, and it will take time for them to work out their economic salvation. First came the spectacular fall in the price of cotton just as the crop was ready for market, so that cotton which cost thirty cents a pound to produce had to be sold for fifteen. Then the boll-weevil came in greater numbers, and no amount of labor would produce a paying crop. And more recently adverse weather conditions have interfered with all farm work. This has been a spirng of excessive rains and cold weather. By this time of the year cotton is usually in full blossom, but many cotton farmers have not been able to plow their fields for planting. In many sections this year there is no chance that the average farmer will more than come out even. This is not true of sections where diversified farming has been learned, but many are still under the sway of the old-time single crop system, and are dependent upon cotton for all ready money.

The effect of this upon the church is well illustrated by the quotation with which this story begins. And under conditions of that sort it can be readily understood what happens to the salaries of rural ministers. One after another has had to notify well-loved pastors that it can not raise money to pay their salaries, meager as these have been. And they have gone north as the only alternative to giving up the ministry.

This latter is something which has been going on for a number of years, for the young men and women of the South who have turned to the ministry and allied forms of service have not been allowed to remain to serve in the region from which they have come. And now the men who have served for years in the Southland are compelled to follow. Hal Kearns, Will Garner, Mary Slaughter and Armon Cheek have gone north; Thomas Chapman and J. M. Rasnake have been forced to follow.

Even in the best of times ministers have been too few to do the work that needs to be done; now with few exceptions our rural churches are as sheep not having a shepherd, and even though the faithful stand by until better times return, the young people will not be attracted nor held by closed churches, however true and beautiful their faith.

What Shall We Do About It?

It is the easiest thing in the world to say, "The General Convention ought to step in, in this emergency, and help these churches out." But the General Convention can do nothing more than it is doing, unless there should be something like a one hundred per cent repentance on the part of those who have failed to complete payment of their Drive pledges. Until the General Convention, which means each one of us that likes to tell what the General Convention ought to do, is assured of a continuous income that will justify new and increased appropriations, it can do very little more than is now being done.

Here is my proposal: let some of our strong churches make themselves big brothers to groups of churches here in the South, call as missionary pastors young men of tact and adaptability, as well as of zeal and enthusiasm, and send them down here to help out in the emergency. The right kind of men will be more than welcomed. Let them come, not to the precarious income that these churches can pay, but with the backing of the "big brothers." The churches down here will do their part, and a definite understanding can easily be reached, so that each will know what his share is. But the initiative must come from those who are willing to help.

It will not take a large amount of money. I fancy that financial backing to the extent of from three to five hundred dollars for the first year and a decreasing amount for a few years following would assure four or five groups of churches of regular services. At least three of these groups or circuits have parsonages, and could raise from $800 to $1200 per year in addition. Those figures do not compete with salaries up North, but with a little outside help during this period of industrial depression in the rural sections of these states, the day can be saved. The alternative is the temporary and perhaps permanent closing of a number of our Southern country churches, which are the recruiting ground for city churches, and have always been, particularly in Dixie, the stronghold of Universalism. I can not but feel that a church which spends a thousand dollars a year or more on music to enrich its own services is able to afford this help to those who need it.

My Own Experience

I can not wish for any one starting out in his work in the ministry any more delightful experience than was mine down here in my first four years out of school. I came to the South Georgia circuit, as it was then called, because Dr. Shinn had arranged it, to a group of churches that had never seen me or heard of me except through him. I was received in that truly hospitable Southern fashion which is famous everywhere, and in a group of churches in which there was only one individual whom I had ever seen before, I was everywhere made welcome.

Out of that experience I know that this is no sort of work for those who want to come South for a winter vacation and do enough preaching on the side to pay expenses. It is a year round job for one whose work will be appreciated at even more than its real worth, and where one will have a share in moulding the life of the most progressive section of the country. "Progressive" does not mean the most advanced, for other sections started a hundred years before the South, and still others had more favorable economic conditions to start with, and none of the destruction of civil war and reconstruction to overcome. "Progressive" means going ahead most rapidly, least satisfied with things as they are, and determined to make to-morrow better than to-day. The marvelous growth of the Pacific Coast states in the last half-century will be duplicated by the growth of the Southern states in the next fifty years.

And the text of this little homily is: "We therefore that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves."

Stanley Manning,
Director of Young People's Work.
Down in Alabama, May 28, 1923.

* *

For the Quiet Hour

I saw the Son of God go by,
Crowned with the crown of thorn.
"Was it not finished, Lord?" I said,
"And all the anguish borne?"

He turned on me his awful eyes:
"Hast thou not understood?
Lo! Every soul is Calvary,
And every sin a rood."

Rachel A. Taylor.

A life of service—this is the Christ-like life. Many lives are purely selfish. Some men give nothing; they consume everything. If the world is no richer for us—for our wealth, our activity, our words, our sympathy—it is all the poorer for our presence. But every true life is a life of loving service; living truly, we live to bless all about us. We are like a dawn, filling the sky with cheerful light; like a river, making everything to live wherever it flows; like a tree, stooping with the weight of mellowed blessing; like a rose, sowing the air with sweetness; like a bird, filling field and forest with music. "I have set the Lord always before me." That is the secret.

W. L. Watkinson.

Among Our Churches

Mid-West Letter

Waterloo, Ia.—We had special meetings in Waterloo recently. Rev. Otto S. Raspe, the pastor, has accomplished great work. The new community center church and parish house was formally dedicated the closing Sunday of the meetings. Judge Roger S. Galer made the address. Mr. Raspe had planned a fine program, and several local persons, including the president of the Ministers' Association of the city, made addresses. * * **Mount Pleasant.**—Rev. Laura B. Galer is preaching here regularly. She is a prophet that has "honor" in her own country. Three members have recently been received into our Mount Pleasant church by her. Mrs. Galer is assisted once a month by Rev. Rev. Pliny Allen, of Galesburg, Ill. * * **Mount Vernon, Ill.**—This church is being revived. Rev. Armon Cheek is preaching here once a month. The Mid-West Superintendent recently visited Mount Vernon, and has planned to go there for special meetings this summer. * * **Waltonville.**—This small church is alive, and doing some very good work under the leadership of Rev. Armon Cheek, who preaches there once a month. * * **Rev. Dr. John S. Cook,** who preached the past winter in Miami, Fla., has recently returned to Illinois, and settled at Beecher City, but not as pastor of the church. He expects to preach from time to time in our Illinois churches, and will be of great assistance to the Superintendent in caring for some of our southern Illinois churches. * * **Grand Rapids, Mich.**—The Mid-West Superintendent has recently visited this church. There is an active women's society but the church has no settled minister. Rev. G. H. Ashworth, of Lansing, preaches for them once a month. Mr. Ashworth is very popular in Grand Rapids. * * **Lansing.**—Mr. Ashworth is the pastor here. He has a live working church, and is doing most excellent service for the church and in the community. It was a joy to be with this consecrated minister and spend some days in his home, in addition to preaching to his people and addressing the Men's Club of the church. * * **Concord.**—Rev. William Couden is pastor here. He has a beautiful church, and a loyal people. Mr. Couden is carrying on a beautiful work in his old home town. He is greatly loved by everybody. His church is alive, and doing things. * * **Horton.**—Rev. William Couden is also pastor here. This is just eight miles from Concord. We had several delightful services here, in spite of the rain, which fell almost constantly. The Horton church is one of the most attractive small town churches it has been my privilege to see anywhere. * * **Liberty Church.**—This is the church of which "Father Gibbs" was pastor for over forty years. He passed to his eternal home about five years ago, but his widow lives in Concord. It was a joy to meet and be entertained in the home of "Mother Gibbs," whose beautiful life still blesses the entire community. We spent a few days in service in the Liberty church. They expect to have summer preaching, and are now corresponding with one of our student ministers. * * **Farmington.**—Rev. A. B. Beresford is pastor here. Dr. Beresford is one of our most scholarly ministers. He was for many years pastor in Baltimore, then in Cincinnati. He is building up the Farmington church. They have erected a fine new parsonage since Dr. Beresford came. My short visit here was most delightful. Dr. and Mrs. Beresford were so very lovely and kind that I shall "hurry back" to Farmington at the first opportunity. * * **Detroit.**—Dr. Patterson has resigned, and is moving to Arlington, Mass., where he has accepted a call. Detroit is in some respects a great church, and the opportunity there is vast. They are now negotiating for Dr. Patterson's successor. * * **Ruthven, Ont.**—Rev. George Campbell is pastor here. The church is two miles out in the country. We have a beautiful church and parsonage. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell are doing well here. It was inspiring to preach for them, and learn something of the excellent community spirit among them. * * We expect to visit and hold some mission services in Windsor, next October.

Luther Riley Robinson.

Church News and Interests

PERSONAL

During the past winter Rev. Bernard C. Clausen, D. D., of the First Baptist Church of Syracuse, N. Y., preached a series of sermons on the Protestant denominations under the title "Guardians of the Faith." When it came to the Baptists he insisted that his congregation select by vote the minister in Syracuse, not a Baptist, to preach this sermon. The congregation elected Rev. F. W. Betts. D. D. On the evening of May 20, Dr. Betts preached the sermon in the First Baptist Church to a congregation of 1,478. The First Baptist Church of Syracuse has printed the sermon as a leaflet, with photograph of Dr. Betts.

Maine

Rumford.—Rev. Allen Brown, pastor. Easter with us was made notable by the cantata given by the Sunday school under the direction of Miss Marguerite C. McKenzie. Humane Sunday was observed and a Band of Mercy was formed. Miss McKenzie is the superintendent. Laywomen's Day and Mothers' Day have been appropriately observed. At the time of the Methodist Conference the local Methodist church worshiped with us in the morning and our pastor preached in their church in the evening.

Maryland

Baltimore.—The Universalist Study Club has completed a prosperous year with steady interest maintained throughout, and the experiment of keeping up a club exclusively for serious discussions is regarded as a success. The final regular meeting of the year was held on May 25, and a social meeting was held on May 27, by invitation of Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Clark, at their home at Fallston, Maryland. The beautiful surroundings of this charming country estate united with the inspiring evidences of a scholarly life in Dr. Clark's fine library of books on religious and philosophical subjects make this visit a memorable one. The Study Club has been most fortunate in being able to avail itself of Dr. Clark's services during the interval until he accepts a call to another parish. Meantime he has given the club a most valuable series of searching studies on idealistic Universalism and criticism of current interpretation and applications of Biblical teachings. The club has had for its president the past year the veteran minister, Rev. Olympia Brown of Racine, Wis., who now makes her winter home in Baltimore.

Massachusetts

Brookline.—Rev. Fred A. Moore, pastor. The Beacon Church again has an organization of the Young People's Christian Union. Its president is Adelbert Billings; vice-president, Maud Ellis; secretary, Beatrice Wilder; treasurer, George L. Perin, Jr. Harold C. Haskell has been chosen vice-superintendent of the Sunday school. The Mission Circle held its May meeting at the Bethany Union.

Leominster.—Rev. Isabella S. Macduff, pastor. The pastor gave the principal address at a union Memorial service of the churches of Leominster held under the auspices of the Ministers' Association. Miss Macduff took as her subject "Unfinished Tasks."

Haverhill.—The one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Universalist Society of Haverhill was observed by a two days celebration, May 6 and 7. It was a time of home-coming and of friendly reunions—many former members now living out of town returning for the occasion. The anniversary observance began Sunday, May 6, with a special program during the Sunday school hour. This

included a historical lecture, illustrated by lantern slides, showing places and people of interest in the development of Universalism in America. The slides made from early pictures of the city of Haverhill and of people connected with the local church were especially interesting. Dr. Frank O. Hall, who is the regular supply during the interim when the church is without a settled pastor, was in charge of the morning service. At its close Dr. Leroy W. Coons officiated at the reception of members and the christening of children. At the anniversary service of Sunday evening, Franklin P. Stiles, chairman of the board of trustees, presided and gave the address of welcome. The historical address was by Mr. William W. Spaulding, for many years one of the most prominent laymen of the church and the only living member of the building committee of the present church. An interesting feature of the program was the presentation, by Mrs. Ida Farnsworth Perkins, of the first pulpit lamp used by the minister, and also the pictures of Rev. Thomas G. Farnsworth, the first settled minister for the Haverhill church, and his wife. Greetings from the General Convention were conveyed by Dr. Lowe, and Dr. Coons brought a message from the State Convention. Dr. Edmund D. Webber of the First Baptist Church brought greetings of the churches of the city. The anniversary address was delivered by Dr. Frederic W. Perkins of Lynn, formerly a pastor of this church. Of special interest to many was the historical exhibit, arranged by Mrs. Ida F. Perkins. This exhibit, consisting of pictures of early members of the church and other objects of historical interest, was in the parlor of the church throughout the celebration. Monday evening the dining hall was packed to capacity for the anniversary banquet—at least 350 being present. As a fitting climax for the two days inspiring program was the Pageant of Monday evening, "The Spirit of Universalism." While parts of this were taken from the "Murray Centennial Ceremonial," written by Rev. H. E. Benton of Philadelphia, the parts relating to the history of the parish were original.

Nova Scotia

Halifax.—Rev. Oluf Tandberg, pastor. An interesting service was held in our church Sunday, May 27, an American Memorial Service. It was probably the first service of its kind ever held in Canada. The best musical talent available was procured, and the choir was at its best. Leading American residents of Halifax were patrons of the undertaking, and the local press, in reporting the service, did us justice. Warnings were uttered that an American patriotic service in the heart of Halifax would be a daring thing to attempt, on account of the somewhat prevailing sensitiveness of the Eastern Canadians, but no ill effects have appeared, and none are expected. On the contrary, the church was filled with Canadians and Americans, who cheerfully sang together "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," while the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack peacefully mingled their folds across the pulpit and the organ. Among those present were Consul-General E. N. Gunsaulus and Mrs. Gunsaulus, of the United States diplomatic service; large representations of the American Club of Halifax and the American Legion; and Captain Chriswell and officers of the United States Coast Guard cutter "Modoc." The sermon was delivered by the pastor, who was highly complimented on his effort. It was a memorable day, not soon to be forgotten by the people of this church.

Ontario

Olinda.—Rev. George H. Campbell, pastor. Olinda is Indian for plenty. We have been plenty busy all winter, for this is the only liberal church in the province, a big missionary field, indeed. The church has been redecorated through the efforts of the Y. P. C. U. We had the pleasure of entertaining Dr. Huntley, who gave an impetus to our Sunday school work. Rev. C. F. Patterson of Detroit, who has been a real friend to our church, was given a farewell dinner. The Mission Circle's annual banquet was a financial and social success. Mothers' Day was fittingly observed with the Y. P. C. U. in full charge of the services. Rev. Luther R. Robinson, Mid-West Superintendent, visited us recently.

Wisconsin

Wausau.—Rev. W. J. Taylor, pastor. The Grand Army of the Republic and allied bodies met in this church Memorial Sunday, the pastor speaking on "Memorial Day: a Tribute and a Test." On Memorial Day a beautiful Soldiers' Monument was unveiled under the auspices of Capt. S. Knox Kreutzer, son of Senator Kreutzer, one of our trustees. U. S. Senator Lenroot gave the oration of the day.

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PREACHERS AT MURRAY GROVE

The dates of Drs. Lowe and Atwood at Murray Grove have been reversed. As now arranged, the Dean will preach on Sunday, Aug. 12, and the General Superintendent on Sunday, Aug. 19.

* *

OXFORD, MASS., CHURCH AND CLARA BARTON HOME

The Massachusetts Universalist Convention through its State Superintendent is arranging to have the old church in Oxford open each Sunday this summer for preaching services. This will bring "glad tidings of great joy" to many loyal hearts. Rev. Charles H. Pennoyer of Attleboro is to be the resident minister and preacher. Equally fortunate, too, are we in having Mr. and Mrs. Pennoyer take up their summer residence in the Clara Barton Memorial Home. The Home will thus be open and in the old meeting-house, so long unused, the message for whose declaration the Church was built will again be declared to all who may come. Recently a pilgrimage was made by seventy-two young people from Melrose, Mass., under charge of Victor A. Friend, president of the State Convention, to the grave and home of Clara Barton and to the church, where a beautiful service was held. Why can not similar pilgrimages be conducted from many points on the Sundays of this summer?

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CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1923

Previously reported	1,182
Syracuse, N. Y.	3
Total,	1,185

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 102. Syracuse, N. Y., 4. Rumford, Maine, 1. Total, 107.

* *

FERRY BEACH NEWS

Of course you are planning to go to Ferry Beach, Me., this year. The hotels and tent colony will be ready for service July 1 for two months. The Institutes are as follows: Missionary, July 30 to Aug. 5, under direction of the Women's National Missionary Association. Sunday School, Aug. 6 to Aug. 12, under direction of the General Sunday School Association. Young People, Aug. 13 to Aug. 19, under direction of the National Young People's Christian Union.

Daily morning devotional exercises. Sermons by able preachers on Sunday morning and afternoon and Wednesday afternoon. Mid week educational and entertainment programs.

Ferry Beach Park Association maintains at Ferry Beach rooming quarters, tents and dining room for members of the Association. Membership dues are $1 per year, and reservations will be made only for those who have paid their dues. You can send your dues when your application for accommodations is made.

Rates for the coming season will be as follows: Board, $11 a week, children under seven years half price. Rooms: The Quillen $3 a week; the Underwood $4 a week; the Cottage (for women) $3 a week; the Pavilion $2 a week; the Men's Dormitory $3 a week; tents per person $2 a week. Rooms are for two persons. Tents accommodate from four to ten persons. Handling of trunks, 50 cents.

Applications for accommodations and all requests for information should be addressed to the secretary, Rev. Clinton Scott, 1620 Master St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Ferry Beach is reached by the Boston & Maine R. R. to Old Orchard and then by a branch of the same road to Ferry Beach. Tickets should be purchased to Old Orchard. P. O. address is The Quillen House, Old Orchard, Maine, but all parcel post

packages should be addressed Ferry Beach Park, Saco, Maine.

The annual meeting of the Ferry Beach Park Association will be called Thursday, Aug. 9, at 2 p. m.

W. R. Thomson.

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FERRY BEACH FAIR

We invite the attention of all Ferry Beachers to this important social event in the life of Ferry Beach. The Ladies' Aid have the entire affair in their charge. The date will be Aug. 8 (Wednesday) at 2 p. m. Fancy and useful articles are solicited from individuals and Universalist churches everywhere. Many local aid societies in the various churches can help this work. The chairman of the Fair Committee is Miss Martha J. Marshall, 107 Bridgham St., Providence, R. I. Other members are Mrs. S. M. Bryant, 17 Wayland St., Cambridge; Mass.; Mrs. E. C. Drowne, 39 Capen St., Medford Hillside, Mass.; Miss Grace Hall, 15 Robbins St., Lowell, Mass.; Miss Helen Hazeltine, 38 Milton St., Lawrence, Mass.; Mrs. E. A. Perrin, Stoughton, Mass., Mrs. Emma R. Perkins, 520 Fletcher St., Lowell, Mass.; Mrs. C. A. Polsey, 18 Summit Road, Medford, Mass.; Miss Eva Roddin, 41 Lynn St., Peabody, Mass.; Mrs. Chas. Temple, 200 Alfred St., Biddeford, Maine; Miss Mabel Temple, Hinsdale, N. H.; Miss Carrie E. Wicks, 53 Lincoln Ave., Arlington, R. I.

Any of the above committee will be glad to receive any salable article for the fair. Help us to make this fair our most successful one in the history of the Ferry Beach Park Association. Every dollar in profit received goes to make a bigger and better Ferry Beach.

Mrs. William R. Thomson,
35 Sherwood Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.,
President Ladies Aid Society Ferry Beach Park Association.

Miss Martha J. Marshall,
107 Bridgham St., Providence, R. I.,
Chairman Fair Committee.

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DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

June 12-14. Iowa State Convention, Webster City.

June 24-28. Ohio State Convention.

July 11-17. Y. P. C. U. Convention, Muncie, Ind.

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Notices

UNIVERSALIST LEADERS WANTED

The Publishing House would be glad to receive copies of the *Leader* for Feb. 3, 10, 17, 24, March 3, 10, 17, 24, 31 and April 7, 14 and 21 from subscribers who do not wish to keep them.

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IOWA UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION

The 81st annual session of the Iowa Universalist Convention, with the Y. P. C. U., the W. U. M. S., the Sunday School Association and the Comrades, will be held in Webster City, June 12, 13 and 14, beginning Tuesday, June 12, at 1.30 p. m.

The Convention consists of all clergy in fellowship and the officers of the Convention. Each parish is entitled to five lay delegates, and one additional delegate for each twenty-five members, and one delegate from each auxiliary.

Entertainment on the Harvard plan.

A cordial invitation is extended by the Webster City parish and pastor, Rev. Geo. Wood. Inform him of your coming and your entertainment will be provided.

O. G. Colegrove, Secretary.

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VERMONT AND QUEBEC CONVENTIONS

The Annual Allied Universalist Meetings of Vermont and the Province of Quebec will be held at Woodstock, Vt., June 27 to July 1, 1923, with the following program:

Wednesday Evening, June 27

Universalist Laymen's night.—6.30 p. m. Laymen's banquet. 7.30. Mass Meeting of Vermont and Quebec Universalist Laymen. Ferris R. Vaughan, president of All Souls Parish of Brattleboro, presiding. Addresses of Welcome: Charles H. Furber, president Men's Club of local church; Rev. H. H. Hines, pastor of the Congregational Church of Woodstock; E. K. Wright, president Woodstock Business Men's Association. Addresses of the evening: Park H. Pollard, Proctorsville, Vt.; Orlando L. Martin, Plainfield, Vt.; Wade H. Keyes, Reading, Vt.

Thursday, June 28

Sunday School Convention—9 a. m. Opening Session. Reports. School of Methods. Business—Election of Officers. Address, Rev. Francis W. Gibbs, Fitchburg, Mass., representing the General Sunday School Association.

Women's Universalist Missionary Association—2 p. m. Opening Session. Business. Election of Officers. Addresses.

7.30 p. m. Mass Meeting. Opening of State and Provincial Convention. Welcome, Rev. W. A. Cate, Woodstock. Response and Annual Address, George C. Felch, St. Johnsbury. Meeting turned over to W. U. M. A., Mrs. George F. Fortier, Morrisville, presiding. Address, Mrs. Maude Lyon Cary, Little Falls, N. Y., representing the national organization.

Friday, June 29

Ninetieth annual session of the Universalist Convention of Vermont and Province of Quebec—9 a. m. Devotional Service. Reports. Occasional Sermon, Rev. W. H. Skeels, Barre. Communion Service of the Convention Church, Rev. George F. Fortier, pastor, at the table, the deacons of the Convention and the Woodstock church in service.

2 p. m. Business. Reports. Election of Officers. Adjournment.

7 p. m. Universalist Night. Mass Meeting. President George C. Felch, presiding. Address by Rev. Leroy W. Coons, D. D., Boston, Mass., Superintendent of Churches for Massachusetts. Address by Rev. Rubens Rea Hadley, Providence, R. I., Superintendent of Churches for Rhode Island.

Saturday, June 30

Young People's Christian Union of Vermont and Province of Quebec. 9 a. m. Opening Song Service. Address of Welcome. Response and Annual Address, Earl B. Smith, Rutland, Vt., President. Reports. Recommendations. Election of Officers.

1.30 p. m. Song Service. Address by Representative of National Y. P. C. U. Institute Period.

6 p. m. Young People's Banquet.

Sunday, July 1

Service of Worship and Praise—10.30 a. m. North Chapel at Woodstock. Sermon by Rev. John Smith Lowe, D. D., General Superintendent.

2 p. m. Academy Grounds at South Woodstock. Service of Memory, Reunion and Grateful Acknowledgment. Grounds of Perkins Green Mountain Liberal Institute. Honorary Chairman, Norman P. Wood. M. D., Northfield, Mass. Permanent Chairman, Richard Billings, New York, Vice-President Universalist General Convention. Address, Rev. John Clarence Lee, D. D., Gloucester, Mass. Unofficial reunion of former students of the Academy before and after services.

Every Universalist parish is entitled to four delegates and one additional delegate for every twenty-five families or fraction thereof in excess of fifty families.

The Universalist Society at Woodstock, aided by the people of the other church societies and of the town, extends a cordial invitation to the Universalist people of Vermont and Province of Quebec to attend these meetings. Lodgings and breakfasts will be furnished free.

Those requiring entertainment should notify Mrs. Earle Slack, chairman of Entertainment Committee, of the time of their arrival and the length of their stay; those planning to attend the Laymen's Banquet should notify Mrs. Slack in sufficient season for adequate provision to be made; those planning to attend the Y. P. C. U. Banquet should do the same.

* *

Obituary

Mrs. C. T. Ballou

By the death of Mrs. C. T. Ballou the Universalist church of Boone, Iowa, lost the second of its pioneer members. Mrs. Ballou died quite suddenly after her return from Florida, where she had been spending the winter for her health. She was highly respected and much loved. A large attendance of loving friends at the funeral service gave evidence of the esteem in which she was held. The pastor, Rev. Gustave Zastrow, officiated, and was assisted by Rev. O. G. Colegrove and the Eastern Star, of which she was a member and the first matron.

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The Hosea Ballou Foundation has been established for Home Mission Work. One hundred thousand dollars are needed. Gifts and bequests solicited.

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Crackling

Little Bobby, who had been playing with a neighbor's daughter, came sobbing to his mother one day and declared that his playmate had pulled his hair.

"Why, Bobby," his mother gasped. "I thought she was such a nice little girl that she would never do a thing like that."

"So did I," wailed Bobby. "That's why I kicked her."—*American Legion Weekly.*

* *

A new suburbanite was asked why he didn't make a garden.

"I prefer," he replied, "to depend on the grocer for my vegetables. When I ask him for beans, he doesn't give me jimson weed instead."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

* *

Those Chinese bandits would make more if they came over here and operated in sugar.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

* *

Some of the little new poetry magazines are mad at God, and some are merely sore on Tennyson.—*New York Tribune.*

* *

(From the Lush *Herald*)—Owing to the lack of space and the rush of the *Herald's* prize contest, several births and deaths will be postponed until next week.—*Medical Quip.*

* *

Overheard in the nursery (a true account): Elizabeth (to Alice on her knees): "Oh, hurry up."

Alice (dreamily): "I'm thinking."

Elizabeth: "Don't think. Say your prayers!"—*Christian Register.*

* *

Telephone Operator: "Sorry, sir, Mr. McConnell is at an important conference and is likely to be away all afternoon."

Customer: "Can you tell me when he will be back?"

Telephone Operator (to office boy): "When is the baseball game over, Johnny? Five o'clock?" (Over the phone): "No, I don't think he will be back before half-past five. This is an important conference. I'll tell him you called."—*Cohoes (N. Y.) Sentinel.*

* *

As they took their seats in the box at the theater, the doctor asked his wife: "Did you notice that lovely girl in the pretty fur cloak waiting in the lobby?"

"What," she replied, "that fussy thing with the false puffs, painted face, gold-stuffed teeth, imitation mink fur and torn gloves? No, I didn't notice her. Why?"—*Medical Quip.*

* *

Most of us still prefer the telegraph. They don't send bedtime stories over that. —*Wall Street Journal.*

* *

An optimist is one who believes everything he reads on the jacket of a new book. —*Milwaukee Journal.*

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By Stella Marek Cushing and Jason Moore

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"Songs of Work and Worship" offers numerous improvements over hymnals previously published. Metronome markings are associated with each hymn to aid in determining proper tempos. Scriptural quotations are from the American Revised Version except that the words "God" and "Lord" are substituted for "Jehovah." Words will be found set to proper tunes. There has been included a number of original songs and hymns, which each new hymnal should contain in the hope that at least some may prove a permanent contribution to hymnology. The editors have conscientiously striven to select only hymns and songs of sterling worth, with strong melodies and marked rhythm—two requisites demanded by American youth.

The services in "Songs of Work and Worship" have received careful attention. Many have had a trial in Church Schools before publication, and have given satisfaction. It is felt that the two forms of service offered, one simple and one elaborate, will meet all needs. It is hoped that the Junior Church Service will receive widespread approval, and that it may prove an incentive to beautifying and dignifying the opening services of many Church Schools.

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